Commentary

VOLUME EIGHTY-TWO • NUMBER TWO • AUGUST 1986

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Books in Review: Angelo M. Codevilla / Mark Falcoff / Robert M. Seltzer / James Gardner / Michael Ledeen

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN JEWISH COMMITTEE/$3.25

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COMMENTARY (ISSN 0010-2601) is published monthly by the American Jewish Committee—Single copy is $3.25, $33 a year; 3 years $89; 5 years $132—Add $5.00 per year for all foreign, including Canada and Latin America—Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to COMMENTARY, 165 East 56th St., New York, N.Y. 10022.
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EDITORIAL & BUSINESS OFFICES: 165 E. 56th St., New York, N.Y. 10022

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SDI

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Angelo M. Codevilla's excellent article, "How SDI Is Being Undone From Within" [May], demonstrates how President Reagan's priority program for defending the United States from Soviet attack is being smothered not only by some in Congress but by bureaucrats within his own administration.

Clearly there are important questions concerning alternative technologies and cost-benefit tradeoffs which must be addressed before the Strategic Defense Initiative (SDI) is ready for deployment. As Mr. Codevilla points out, the Fletcher panel stipulated a multilayered system designed to reach 99.75 percent effectiveness against an incoming force of all existing Soviet missiles. But why must we wait until we can construct a defensive system that provides near 100 percent assurance that *every* incoming missile can be neutralized? Strategically, all that is needed is a defense which can deflect a large enough number of attacking missiles to render the success of a first strike too uncertain to launch. In other words, any defensive system that dissuades an enemy from attacking is by definition a perfect deterrent.

Last year when the House debated research funding levels for SDI, one of my colleagues on the Armed Services Committee made the astonishing assertion that "the best defense is no defense." Not one liberal member of the House bothered to disagree with him. It seems strange that the effort to undo SDI within this conservative administration dovetails with the aims of many liberals in Congress who silently believe what my radical colleague was so candid as to state publicly. This unwholesome anti-defense alliance of factions on the Left and Right points to a much deeper policy issue: the relative merits of containment versus liberation.

The Reagan Doctrine tacitly rejects containment as an insufficient response to Soviet adventurism. This administration, in my judgment, is the first elected by the American people with a mandate to reverse the Soviet gains of the postwar years. The eventual deployment of SDI is an essential part of the new American geopolitical strategy. Both sides in the anti-strategic-defense alliance realize that by checking the paralyzing Soviet nuclear threat, SDI revives the possibility of contesting regions of the world now dominated by Soviet despotism and restoring democratic freedoms which are the heritage of human beings everywhere—and this is precisely what many on the Left along with some self-styled "realists" on the Right wish to avoid.

In its pursuit of globalist imperatives, the Soviet Union has not only built an enormous arsenal of offensive nuclear weapons; it is also researching and developing defensive systems. As one example, the Krasnoyarsk radar—illegal under the Anti-Ballistic Missile (ABM) Treaty—seems intended for battle-management operations under a strategic-defense system. *Every day the United States defers the decision to develop and deploy a defensive system against Soviet offensive weapons, we are weaker than we were the day before.* We dare not leave the field of defensive systems to the world's only remaining imperialist power.

President Reagan understands the need to develop and deploy SDI as swiftly as possible. It is regrettable that those who support his pro-defense position find themselves fighting not just the Left in Congress and the Soviets' global disinformation campaign, but the bureaucracy within the administration as well.

JIM COURTER
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Once more, COMMENTARY rings the alarm bells warning the nation of the continuing "present danger." The most recent distress signal is "How SDI Is Being Undone From Within," by Angelo M. Codevilla. This article reveals how the great promise of a defensive system to protect the nation from a Soviet first strike, announced by the President in his March 23, 1983 speech launching SDI, has been profoundly jeopardized by over three years of inaction. During this time, SDI has been transmogrified by bureaucrats and technicians into a pure "research" program extending into the indefinite future while the

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Soviet threat continues to grow. Worse still, nothing is being proposed to keep the gap from widening nor, as Mr. Codevilla warns, "will anything change until we resolve to do what we can, with what we have—*now*."

As he makes clear, the greatest obstacle to the achievement of a defensive system is the ABM Treaty of 1972. Indeed, the treaty is guaranteed to strangle SDI at birth. The Soviets, keenly aware of our self-imposed paralysis, have foxily tailored their offer to reduce offensive nuclear weapons by making it dependent on our agreement to continue the treaty "for 15 or 20 years," thus assuring a defenseless U.S. for at least that period. And, incredibly, the President has been persuaded to talk about the need "to restore the integrity of the ABM Treaty"! Instead of concentrating his fire on SALT II, he would have been far better advised to threaten cancellation of the ABM Treaty on six-months' notice, as specifically permitted in Article XV, because of egregious Soviet violations. This would allow the nation to proceed with SDI free of the restrictions of the treaty.

The 1972 negotiations, which led to SALT I and the ABM Treaty, and initiated the era of "détente," sanctified and institutionalized the doctrine of purely offensive deterrence. The ABM Treaty forbade all defensive responses (other than an insignificant 100 ABM's) in the confident expectation that the mere threat of Mutual Assured Destruction (MAD) would deter a potential aggressor from initiating a nuclear attack and that, consequently, the treaty would lead to progressive nuclear and general disarmament. This hope and intention were solemnly inscribed in the preamble: "Declaring their intention to achieve at the earliest possible date the cessation of the nuclear arms race and to take effective measures toward reductions in strategic arms, nuclear disarmament, and general and complete disarmament. . . ." This expectation turned out to be the grand illusion of our nuclear era.

In practice, the ABM Treaty became the principal means by which the Soviet Union (which never accepted the doctrine of Mutual Assured Destruction) achieved nuclear offensive superiority. Reassured that the U.S. would not deploy a defensive shield for its deterrent ICBM's, the Soviets, under cover of the treaty, adopted a war-winning strategy, exemplified by a massive build-up of their monstrous preemptive first-strike weapons: the SS-18's and SS-19's (and, recently, the new SS-24's and SS-25's) directed against the U.S. and the SS-20's against Europe. This build-up was far in excess of any defense requirements; it not only gave the Soviets a 3-to-1 advantage in counterforce warheads but also the capacity to destroy our retaliatory missiles and strategic assets in a first strike. Thus, by a supreme irony, the ABM Treaty served to undermine, rather than reinforce, the doctrine of MAD.

Significantly, the U.S. delegation, headed by Ambassador Gerard C. Smith, appended the following statements of intention to the 1972 ABM Treaty:

Withdrawal from the ABM Treaty. On May 9, 1972, Am-

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bassador Smith made the following statement: "The U.S. delegation has stressed the importance the U.S. government attaches to achieving agreement on more complete limitations of strategic offensive arms. . . . The U.S. delegation believes that an objective of the follow-on negotiations should be *to constrain and reduce on a long-term basis threats to the survivability of our respective strategic retaliatory forces.* . . . If an agreement providing for *more complete strategic offensive arms limitations were not achieved within five years,* U.S. supreme interests would be jeopardized. Should that occur, it *would constitute a basis for withdrawal* from the ABM Treaty." [Emphasis added]

Clearly, the premises for such a decision already exist. The unceasing build-up by the Soviet Union of its offensive counterforce missiles clearly constitutes a "threat to the survivability of [our] strategic retaliatory forces" and would alone justify termination. In addition, the Soviets are violating specific prohibitions—as in the construction of the illegal radar-array unit in an ABM mode at Krasnoyarsk in central Siberia; in the encryption of weapons tests; and in adapting some anti-aircraft units for potential ABM use.

How, then, should we proceed "now," as urged by Mr. Codevilla? It is crystal clear that unless the obstacle of the ABM Treaty is removed ("interpretation" is a futile evasion), it will be impossible to devise and deploy the defensive shield envisioned by SDI. *This reality must be squarely faced.* As I have shown, the premises for terminating the treaty already exist. What must be done now is to devise a strategy for effectively linking the treaty's termination with the Geneva arms-reduction negotiations so as to achieve *both* sharp reductions in offensive arms *and* a defensive shield.

Space-based ABM systems are more than a decade of research and development away, but working land-based ABM systems have been developed and improved for decades by both the U.S. and the Soviet Union. Under the treaty, fixed land-based ABM's (as distinguished from space-based systems) may be developed, manufactured, and stored without limit, but only 100 may be deployed by each side. The Soviets have deployed their permitted 100 ABM's to protect Moscow, while we foolishly dismantled all our deployed ABM's.

However, in June 1983, in a renewed effort to revive a land-based ABM defense, the U.S. successfully tested a land-based ABM system employing a revolutionary new non-nuclear technology. This ABM unit tracked a dummy intercontinental ballistic missile (ICBM) fired from a western Pacific island and hit and destroyed it at a distance of 100 miles from target, a remarkable feat that is equivalent to hitting a bullet in space with another bullet. This successful test confirmed the feasibility of an effective "site" or "point" defense of our land-based strategic missiles (including the MX) and of our other strategic assets which would be the objectives of a Soviet first strike: command, control, and communication centers (C_3), nuclear submarine bases, and B-52 air bases. When fully deployed, the ABM's will be able to ensure the survival after a Soviet first strike of enough weapons to inflict unacceptable damage on vital Soviet strategic assets. Deployment can begin within three to four years. In the meantime, off-the-shelf units of earlier models can be deployed almost at once.

What should be the central U.S. objective in negotiating with the Soviets? It should be twofold. First, mutual reduction of all types of strategic offensive weapons having a first-strike capability. This reduction should be carried out in agreed stages with the object of reaching a level below that at which either side could rationally contemplate a successful first strike. The second objective should be to persuade the Soviets to accept the doctrine of strategic defense in principle (they have been working at it for years) as mutually beneficial and to agree to amendments of the ABM Treaty.

As a first step toward an assertive strategic-defense posture, the tested land-based ABM system, which is ready for development and early deployment, must be *decoupled* from space-based defense in the public mind and at the Geneva conference. We must not allow its deployment to be the subject of negotiation. Instead, we must proceed full speed ahead to early deployment.

To achieve this, we should propose that the Soviets agree to amend the treaty to permit unrestricted deployment by both parties of land-based ABM's for point defense. However, should they refuse, we should inform them that it is our intention to terminate the treaty on six-months' notice, freeing us to proceed with the entire SDI program.

A further advantage of this approach is that our determination to proceed with our land-based ABM system (to begin with) in effect gives us a self-service, automatic arms control which assures the survival of a sufficient number of retaliatory missiles to provide a strategic defense, independent of the results of negotiation. By the same token, it is a litmus test of the Soviets' intentions. Their refusal to accept our offer would transform our strong belief in Soviet first-strike strategy into certainty. The Soviets, faced with this bleak alternative as well as with their endemic economic and technological weakness, might possibly agree to explore this path. If we hold fast, they might decide they have more to lose by stonewalling. The choice will be for them to make.

The ideas advanced above were more fully developed in my article, "Negotiating With the Russians: Geneva Prospects," *Freedom at Issue* (Freedom House), May-June 1985.

One correction of Mr. Codevilla. As I pointed out in my reply to the correspondence on my article (*Freedom at Issue*, September-October 1985), Zbigniew Brzezinski did not, in his July 8, 1985 article in the *New Republic,* unconditionally propose that we proceed with our own point defense. To the contrary, he proposed that in exchange for the Soviets' agreeing to significant reductions in offensive nuclear forces, the U.S. should agree to *refrain from deploying SDI*—thus falling right into Gorbachev's trap. I was pleased to see (according to the New York *Times,* June 17, 1986) that Brzezinski's new book abandons this position and adopts instead the view of the need both to terminate the ABM Treaty and to proceed at once with point defense.

Once more, bravo to COMMENTARY and to Mr. Codevilla for ringing the alarm bells.

ELIAS M. SCHWARZBART
New York City

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TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Angelo M. Codevilla, in his article on SDI and also in his . . . review of a history of space politics [*The Heavens and the Earth*, by Walter McDougall, Books in Review, April], has conjured a mythical past and a paranoid present. Only some horrid obsession can explain some 90 errors of uncontested fact in both pieces; readers should be assured that, contrary to Mr. Codevilla's fantasies:

• The U.S. has been steadily bolstering its strategic offensive arsenal since 1970, specifically: Minuteman III, Poseidon, and SRAM missiles ordered deployed by Robert McNamara; Trident, MX, and assorted cruise missiles resulting from research and development also ordered by . . . McNamara.

• Minuteman III, MX, and Trident have or will have "counterforce" capability against Soviet missiles. No sane person shares Mr. Codevilla's delusion that 200 MX missiles with 2,000 highly accurate warheads would not be strategically significant.

• Soviet air and ballistic-missile defenses are no more than an annoyance to our offensive planners, thanks to multiple warheads and improvements in warhead design, guidance systems, electronic countermeasures, and "penetration aids" ordered by or resulting from research sponsored by McNamara, and continuously being improved by the knaves and churls of the military-industrial complex disdained by Mr. Codevilla.

• For forty-five years the U.S. has had a continental air defense, currently being bolstered according to plans laid down by Harold Brown, . . . although the Pentagon is less concerned about attack by a Soviet "cargo plane" than by some 2,000-plus Soviet ballistic missiles.

• The U.S. has no active missile defenses today because the anti-ballistic-missile complex begun by McNamara in 1967 was destroyed after he and his colleagues left office. ABM was done in by a combination of domestic political factors, lack of technological confidence, and cost—not by puerile ideology. . . .

Refuting Mr. Codevilla's deluded SDI conspiracy would be wearisome and imprudent, but it can be remarked that those folk who *know* about rockets, satellites, warheads, radars, lasers, optical sensors, and computers—because they have invented, developed, evaluated, produced, and operated them—also know that credibly reducing the fear of missile attack can be at best only marginally achieved at extraordinary cost in the short- and medium-run future by use of fields of radars and clouds of nuclear-armed interceptors. In the long term, more options may be open, so the present program is really an "Accelerated Advanced Ballistic Missile Defense Technologies Research Initiative," which is precisely what it must be.

To be sure, intercepting attacks on land-based missiles is far less demanding, and appropriate technology has existed for a generation. But defense by fortification and mobility has not been exhausted; if and when it is, plans exist to repair the shortfall rapidly. . . .

In the non-fantasy world, nations have limited resources. The military has the special problem of deciding how much to spend on weapons and equipment to use today, how much for development for production for use in five years, and how much for research for possible development ten years to a generation ahead.

Consider also the problems consequent on knowing that any decision to order development may result in production of equipment made obsolete by further research before it enters service, not to mention the necessary ignorance of the other side's intentions and capabilities in the future. In the 1950's, tens of billions of dollars were wasted in panic production of offensive and defensive systems before proper development had been done—we do a little better today. . . .

Thousands of energetic scientists and engineers have bright ideas about what should be developed. The frequent studies and committees scorned by Mr. Codevilla are needed to share information and build consensus in order to recommend priorities to public officials who have little or no technological background upon which to base decisions. . . .

B. BRUCE-BRIGGS
Carlisle, Pennsylvania

ANGELO M. CODEVILLA writes:

I was heartened by Barry Bruce-Briggs's promise to show me where I had committed "some 90 errors." But he never points to a single one, much less makes a case. Instead, he puffs smoke. Let us look more closely.

I don't think I could have made it clearer that everything in our strategic arsenal today was conceived, if not actually ordered, in the days of Robert McNamara. But Mr. Bruce-Briggs's sentence, "Minuteman III, MX, and Trident have or will have 'counterforce' capability against Soviet missiles" is deceptive because it insinuates that counterforce was McNamara's strategy. The truth is precisely the opposite. Minuteman III, even with the Mark 12A warhead and the NS-20 guidance system that Senators Mondale and McGovern, along with McNamara, strongly argued against, has at best a one-in-three chance of destroying a standard 7200-psi Soviet silo. Trident I has perhaps a one-in-ten chance. These are our current weapons. Trident II, which may be with us in 1992, is much better. So is MX. But is McNamara, or Mr. Bruce-Briggs, or Ronald Reagan, or anybody else for that matter, proposing to build enough of these missiles—and to provide adequately for their safety—for us to think of engaging the Soviets in an offensive counterforce duel? No. De facto, we are conceding to the Soviets the unilateral capacity for a serious counterforce strike.

Mr. Bruce-Briggs's criterion for sanity seems to amount to faith in 2,000 MX warheads. (Note that President Reagan has proposed 1,000 and has accepted 400-500.) It is obvious that 2,000 such warheads, *if* the U.S. were able to direct them against Soviet reserve forces, would be strategically significant—though not as significant as 6,000 such warheads on the other side. But if wishes were horses, beggars would ride. Does anyone propose doing the only thing that would make MX survivable, i.e., putting it on railroad cars and keeping it in motion? No.

But assume for the sake of argument that we could have 2,000 survivable MX warheads. We should realize that while people in and around the U.S. military establishment have been dithering away years, the Soviets have used those years to change the reality over which these people dither. Harold Brown thought that 2,000 MX warheads would be useful for threatening Soviet reserve strategic forces because he assumed that we would know where such forces were. This assumption, correct in the late 1970's, has turned out to be as fanciful as is the SALT process on

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which it was based. Today, the Soviet mobile SS-24 and SS-25 missiles ensure that we will *not* know the whereabouts of Soviet reserve forces. To change this, we would have wholly to revamp our approach to technical-intelligence collection, which still rests on the strategic assumptions of the 1960's. But there is no budgetary commitment for such revamping; quite the contrary. Nor, of course, have we made plans automatically to translate information on mobile strategic targets into updates for missile-guidance systems. All of this is to say that Mr. Bruce-Briggs does not know what he is talking about.

The statement, "Soviet air and ballistic-missile defenses are no more than an annoyance to our offensive planners," is ignorant. Ask any B-52 pilot about his chances of penetrating the Soviet air-defense system! Why is the U.S. converting its B-52's to expensive, weight-inefficient, air-launched cruise missiles if not because we realize that the Soviet air-defense system has made gravity-bombing obsolete? Why have we stopped production of our first-generation cruise missiles, and why are we now waiting for ones with lower radar cross-sections, if not because of the Soviet air-defense system? And will anyone come close to guaranteeing that the best of these cruise missiles will hit a target protected by a Soviet SA-10? No.

As for the Soviet ballistic-missile-defense (BMD) system, I would be fascinated to hear how Mr. Bruce-Briggs would suggest targeting the U.S. missile force remaining after a Soviet first strike against a Soviet Union that possessed 1,000 firing units of the SA-12. U.S. strategic planners must deal not just with the prospect of that many SA-12's, but also with the unknown numbers of Flat Twin radars and SH-4 and SH-8 missiles now coming off Soviet production lines. Later in this decade the planners will have to deal with the unknown capacity of a Soviet high-energy laser in orbit. Some "annoyance"!

The statement, "For forty-five years the U.S. has had a continental air defense currently being bolstered according to plans laid down by Harold Brown," can only be the product of hallucination. Just consider surface-to-air missiles: Soviet Union, about 12,000; U.S., zero. Number of SAM's as a result of what Mr. Bruce-Briggs calls "bolstering," zero. That cargo planes could bomb the U.S. is shown by the huge illicit air traffic that supplies the huge U.S. market for drugs.

Mr. Bruce-Briggs gratuitously lays claim to being among those who "know" about rockets, satellites, etc. But in fact he displays only pretentious ignorance. Unlike many of those connected with SDI, I do not deny that nuclear-armed interceptors can be useful, especially to clear out exo-atmospheric decoys. But when Mr. Bruce-Briggs writes as if there were nothing available against ballistic missiles *but* nuclear-armed interceptors, he shows a mind that has stopped working. When he writes that "plans exist to repair the shortfall [in missile vulnerability] rapidly," he is saying something he is in a position to know is false.

His credentials thus established, Mr. Bruce-Briggs delivers his message: Don't build anti-missile defenses because "any decision to order development may result in production of equipment made obsolete by further research. . . ." But such obsolescence is not just a possibility. It is a certainty. All one *ever* gains by building new weaponry, offensive or defensive, is time —the only question being, how much? That is why the American people were well-served by the U.S. government's hasty expenditure in the 1950's of $200 billion (in 1980 dollars) on an air-defense system and as much on B-52's that still fly today. By contrast, the Pentagon's current procrastination makes certain that anything we do will be too little, too late. I cannot imagine that competent Pentagonians, including Harold Brown, would be happy to have the case for their position reduced to Mr. Bruce-Briggs's terms.

Congressman Jim Courter makes three interesting points. First, a defense works perfectly *not* when it can guarantee that absolutely no part of absolutely everything the enemy could conceivably throw against it would stand *any* chance of getting through. Rather, it works perfectly when it convinces the enemy that *enough* of his effort *might* be soaked up to render *that* avenue of attack unreasonable. But the Congressman must know from bitter experience that such arguments, based as they are on common sense, are out of fashion in a defense establishment (including the Armed Services Committees of the Congress) that lives by quantitative "studies" which purport to simulate all facets of reality. This self-deceptive subculture demands guarantees sealed by panels that have defined parameters which then get revalidated in tautological simulations. One can only wish him good luck in exposing how this robs the American people of both dollars and security.

Second, Congressman Courter points out that conservatives who prefer studies on a "never-never" comprehensive astroshield to individual defensive weapons we can build now—Secretary of Defense Weinberger comes immediately to mind—"dovetail" perfectly with liberals who believe that "the best defense is no defense." Because both deal in utopian coin, each is a mirror image of the other.

Third and most intriguing is Congressman Courter's suggestion that many in our national-security bureaucracy, liberals and conservative "realists" alike, do not *want* the U.S. covered by a ballistic-missile defense because if we were so covered, we could resume the discussion, rudely interrupted circa 1968, about our role in the world. It is undeniable that our national-security bureaucracy is deeply comfortable in its present ruts, and that its interest in remaining in them is as great as the rest of the country's interest in breaking out of those ruts.

Elias M. Schwarzbart rightly asks, "What now?" and points to the need to clear the minds of U.S. policy-makers and military planners of that potent cause of delusion, the ABM Treaty. Indeed, this country would have been better served had President Reagan rid us of the ABM Treaty rather than of SALT II. It is heartening to see, however, that more and more thoughtful people—including Zbigniew Brzezinski, in his latest writings—recognize that the ABM Treaty must go. By contrast, those Americans who negotiated the ABM Treaty, who bravely told the American people that we would withdraw from it if the Soviets tried to achieve a counterforce capability, and who now urge us to abide by it despite the Soviets' counterforce capability, growing anti-missile defenses, and violations, have thereby proved themselves bankrupt. The truth is that they were, and continue to be, interested primarily in shaping U.S. policy according to their private dreams. I would argue, *pace* Mr.

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Schwarzbart, that interpretation of the ABM Treaty can be useful, but only to show how empty the treaty always was of tools for constraining any country that wants anti-missile protection. In fact, as the Soviets are showing, it is entirely possible to build an excellent nationwide anti-missile system largely within the letter of the treaty.

This brings me to an important point: Mr. Schwarzbart says we should "persuade the Soviets to accept the doctrine of strategic defense in principle"—as mutually beneficial. But the Soviet *do* accept that strategic defense is very valuable. The trouble is that our own government, rhetoric aside, does not.

The key to our domestic argument is clarity about what practical measures we can take to defend ourselves. Let us not fall into the trap of believing that defending ballistic missiles and other military assets is easier than, and should take precedence over, protecting people. In fact, strategic assets whose location the enemy knows are most difficult to defend because they—not cities—would be targeted by large numbers of warheads and decoys. The best protection for these assets is unpredictable mobility, in the company of mobile ABM's based on our Aegis surface-to-air missile system. We could and should produce many firing units of this mobile weapon, the mere existence of which would force the Soviets to face the possibility that any object they had counted on destroying with one or two warheads might be protected enough to require dozens. Large numbers of such mobile defensive weapons would provide valuable insurance for millions of Americans who rank much lower in the Soviet targeting priorities.

We also could and should build large numbers of the new ARIS high-altitude interceptor rocket and refurbish our radar complex at Grand Forks, North Dakota, to guide them, and build the Army's airborne-optical data processor to help with discrimination. This would allow us to thin out any attack, increase the chances that our modified Aegis could protect any given object, and decrease the chances that the Soviets would want to invest much in an increasingly risky enterprise.

Above all, we should build a fleet of space-based chemical-laser weapons according to the plans first worked out at the Defense Advanced Research Project Agency (DARPA) in 1980 and 1981. Let us not forget that it was the prospect of such weapons that first raised interest in what is now called "Star Wars." Despite all the bluster and the billions since 1983, the space-based chemical laser is still the only weapon for boost-phase protection against ballistic missiles that we know how to build right now. Today, as in 1981, no knowledgeable person denies that such lasers could kill any missile booster ever built in about a second at distances up to 3,000 km. We have wasted five years. By now the first copy could have been in orbit.

Unfortunately, but all too predictably, we are about to deliver up yet more years for the locusts to eat. By mid-summer the Senate will

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most likely have approved an amendment to freeze SDI's funds and to restrict it to research. The reasoning behind this move is laid out in a staff report to Senators Proxmire and Johnston: the SDI office has developed definitions of the "threat" and of the requirements for meeting that threat which are beyond the capacity of the defensive technologies SDI is working on. Therefore, a comprehensive defense against ballistic missiles, as the SDI office itself has defined such a defense, is worthy of no more than long-range research.

Alas, all of this was foreseeable—and foreseen—when the Fletcher panel prescribed that SDI should not deal with the real threat posed by current Soviet forces, with such modification to those forces as intelligence could discover, but rather with a threat defined by our imagination, and when the Fletcher panel established a series of unrealistic requirements for our own defenses. For the past three years SDI has followed the path traced for it by the Fletcher panel, and has now come to its preordained dead end.

If this country is fortunate, the administration will have learned from its mistakes, and will ask a new panel of engineers a question very different from the one it asked three years ago—namely, given the technology on the shelf and on the near horizon, what can we do to defend ourselves againt what the Soviets have or are about to acquire? As I have tried to sketch very briefly above, the answer to this question is not so terribly difficult to formulate.

Sandinistas & Contras

To the Editor of Commentary:

Penn Kemble has written a needed corrective to the otherwise uncritical reviews of Christopher Dickey's *With the Contras* [Books in Review, May]. Clearly, Sandinista polarization produced a situation which led to the current civil war, an inevitable development given the FSLN's refusal to allow the majority of Nicaraguans to play any part in determining the country's future.

But it does not necessarily follow that opposition to the Sandinistas means one must support the *contras*. The problem is not the morale or motivation of the fighting forces. As Robert Leiken has written in a passage not cited by Mr. Kemble, the Reagan administration "opposes the increasingly totalitarian Sandinistas with unconditional backing for a rebel leadership that is disrespectful of human rights and reminiscent of the detested Somocista dynasty that ruled Nicaragua before the revolution." In his recent Senate testimony, from which Mr. Kemble selectively quotes, Leiken said that the high command of the FDN [the largest of the *contra* groups] is drawn almost entirely from the ranks of the old guard. Those surrounding Enrique Bermúdez and Adolfo Calero in particular form "part of a cabal that is linked to a shadowy network of expropriated bankers, industrialists, and former associates of Somoza." And these leaders have "subverted efforts at democratizing the FDN and UNO apparatus."

Moreover, support for the *contras* works in a fashion that is precisely the opposite of what it is intended to achieve. It gives the hardline Marxists who govern Nicaragua an excuse to consolidate their power and to move as quickly as possible toward the Cuban-Soviet model state they desire. As Governor Bruce Babbitt of Arizona, no friend of the Sandinistas, has put it: aid to the *contras* allows an unpopular and repressive Leninist regime "to wrap itself in the flag and justify 'emergency measures' to a people who might otherwise resist them." The *contras* thus give legitimacy to a repugnant regime, allowing the Sandinistas to wear the mantle of nationalism, much as Ho Chi Minh did in Vietnam.

Dissatisfaction with the FDN and Adolfo Calero, indeed, is one of the main reasons why democratic opponents of the FSLN like Robert Leiken have called insistently for a thoroughgoing reform of the *contras*, a downgrading of the FDN leadership, complete subordination of the military forces to a democratic opposition group of civilians, and thorough control of any forces perpetrating human-rights abuses. Rather than favor that course, Mr. Kemble asks for "tolerance" toward the current FDN leadership, and even praises them for an "element of heroism." The popular base of the *contra* struggle may indeed have grown enormously, indicating a "spirit of popular rebellion," as Mr. Kemble puts it, but without true reform, the *contra* struggle is doomed.

No matter how much they dislike the Sandinistas, most Nicaraguans see the *contras* as little more than former National Guardsmen who would bring about a return to the old order. While it is true that the size of the *contra* forces indicates this to be a false image, the senior military commanders are *still* former Guardsmen, and they would govern and control a post-Sandinista Nicaragua.

As I write this letter, both the Washington *Post* and the New York *Times* have had extensive reports on the tense negotiations to form a new coalition, the United Nicaraguan Opposition (UNO).... Unless the effort is successful and reform achieved, the UNO will remain merely a cosmetic group without power, not a mechanism to force a change in the *contras*. Indeed, in a candid comment to *New York* magazine's Michael Kramer, Alfonso Robelo admitted that the military controls the *contras*. "As always," Robelo told Kramer, "it is the guys with the guns who really call the shots." And in a recent PBS documentary, Enrique Bermúdez scoffed at the notion that he would be amenable to any controls put on him and his forces by a civilian leadership led by Arturo Cruz and Robelo. At one of the recent Miami meetings being held to settle these differences, Bermúdez left in a huff rather than answer questions about that interview and his own position.

Conservative critics, including Mr. Kemble, have argued, with good cause, that no matter how democratic the credentials of Ruben Zamora or Guillermo Ungo may be in El Salvador, the commanders of the FMLN guerrillas control the show, and are using them as a façade to gather support. Once the FMLN were in power, Ungo and company would be quickly relegated to the same position Violetta Chamorro holds in Nicaragua. Or, given the ruthlessness of the FMLN and judging from its own past history, democratic spokesmen would be shot as bourgeois reformers whose moderation would be judged to stand in the way of consolidating the revolution.

But this cuts both ways. A few years ago, Arturo Cruz told me that an FDN victory could mean a white terror of unparalleled proportions. Events have pushed him into an uneasy coalition with the very forces he once opposed. They in turn dis-

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trust him and are wary of giving him any real authority.

But rather than admit the sorry record of the *contras* and criticize their failings, including the scores of documented human-rights abuses, Mr. Kemble apologizes for them. This reader finds his arguments unpersuasive. Rather, the model laid out by Michael Walzer in the April 28 *New Republic* offers an alternative course for democrats who wish to oppose the Sandinistas. I think the evidence to date indicates that Walzer is correct when he states that there is little evidence for the claim that the *contras* have "made themselves the symbols of a heroic resistance." Perhaps at some future date a different *contra* force truly controlled by the likes of Arturo Cruz would become a serious national-liberation movement—but that moment has not yet arrived. The alternative, then, is that laid out by Walzer: to "make things hard" for the Sandinistas via economic, political, and diplomatic pressure. It is a course, moreover, that has as much chance of succeeding as the one advocated by Mr. Kemble.

RONALD RADOSH

New York City

PENN KEMBLE writes:

I am grateful for Ronald Radosh's letter, both for its civil tone and because it so clearly reflects the stance of an influential group of opponents of U.S. aid to the Nicaraguan resistance.

Mr. Radosh makes two basic points. First, the *contra* leadership is reactionary and corrupt. Second, by backing such a movement, the United States is goading the Sandinista government toward the very totalitarianism we imagine ourselves to be resisting. These points deserve a considered answer.

Nicaragua has a special strategic importance for the United States, both because it is so near and because it represents the principal challenge to the emergence of democracy throughout Caribbean Central America. But Nicaragua also has great importance with respect to an intellectual controversy that has dogged the democratic world since the Russian revolution.

Communist repression has long been explained or defended—sometimes sincerely, sometimes cynically—with the argument that the undemocractic characteristics of Communist regimes are distortions brought upon them by their opponents in the West. Mr. Radosh has recourse to this tradition when he argues that "support for the *contras* works in a fashion that is precisely the opposite of what it is intended to achieve. It gives the hardline Marxists who govern Nicaragua an excuse to consolidate their power and to move as quickly as possible toward the Cuban-Soviet model state they desire." Governor Babbitt likewise contends that our aid to the *contras* allows the Sandinista government "to wrap itself in the flag and justify 'emergency measures' to a people who might otherwise resist them."

What is so important about the experience of Nicaragua under the

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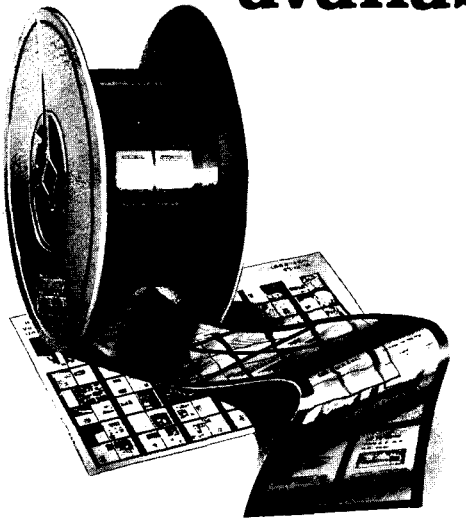

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Sandinistas is that it provides a laboratory demonstration that Marxist-Leninist movements actually establish repressive and anti-American governments for their own purposes—not because, as we are so often told, we have "pushed them into the arms of the Soviet Union."

The truth is that between 1979 and 1981 the Carter administration offered the FSLN many inducements to take the democratic road. Some $118 million in U.S. economic aid was made available to Nicaragua after the revolution. Peace Corps volunteers and other forms of technical assistance were held out to the Sandinistas. According to Shirley Christian, Ambassador Lawrence Pezzullo even offered the regime some form of U.S. military aid. The Carter administration, it may be recalled, was strongly influenced by the idea that Communist tyranny is a form of punishment for America's misdeeds: throughout the transition from Somoza to the Sandinistas, Carter's Latin American staff strained mightily to win the Sandinistas' favor.

But these efforts bought little from the young Sandinista *comandantes*. By the close of 1980 and the Carter era they had signed a pact with the Soviet Union which endorsed the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan; declared their solidarity with Arafat and Qaddafi; begun the repression of the Miskito Indians; started press censorship; forced their democratic allies out of power and even set mobs upon some of them; increased the size of Nicaragua's armed forces fivefold; and stepped up arms deliveries and other assistance to the guerrillas in El Salvador. These deliberate steps toward a new totalitarian order proved too much even for the wishful policy-makers of the Carter administration, who cut off U.S. aid to Nicaragua in January 1981.

In the light of this history, how can it still be argued that it is the *contras* who are making Communists out of the Sandinistas? Yet this position is sincerely, even passionately, held by well-intentioned and well-informed people. It can only rest on a kind of faith: in Mr. Radosh's case, one suspects, the faith that revolutionary "socialism" remains an honorable cause, and when socialist revolutionaries go wrong, someone else must be to blame. Perhaps this faith helps explain the ferocity of our present debate over aid to the *contras*, which hardly makes sense unless one recognizes how much it touches elemental chords of ideology and belief.

There is, in fact, considerable evidence that the *contras* have at times slowed Nicaragua's slide toward totalitarianism. When insurrection became widespread among the Miskito Indians, the Sandinistas stopped moving them into camps. When campesinos in the North began joining the *contras*, the Sandinistas slowed their program of agricultural collectivization. According to Sandinista *Comandante* Bayardo Arce, the sham election of 1984, which proved so embarrassing to the Sandinistas, would probably not have been attempted had there been no pressure from the *contras*. Nor would the Sandinistas have for so long shown even a feigned interest in a Contadora treaty.

Mr. Radosh's judgments on the character of the *contra* movement are as mistaken as his judgment about its effects. He quotes Robert Leiken's testimony on the unsavory character of the resistance leadership, testimony he charges me with having quoted "selectively," but somehow leaves out Leiken's conclusion that military assistance to the *contras* is justified. Mr. Radosh, on the other hand, is sure that such a leadership is irredeemable, and that the U.S. should withhold support for the *contras* until his oracles give a more auspicious sign.

As Mr. Radosh surely knows, I have expressed reservations about the political character of the *contra* leadership. Where we differ is that I believe such weaknesses can be cured only by U.S. support and engagement, not by pious withdrawal. The *contras* are a movement in transition. They began as a narrowly military proxy force, but soon discovered that they had become a rallying point for thousands of outraged Nicaraguan peasants, as well as a sizable group of younger Nicaraguan nationalists and democrats. The leadership and purposes of the *contra* movement then began to change, and no doubt will continue to change.

Since Mr. Radosh's letter was written, the political directorate of the United Nicaraguan Opposition (UNO) has reached a significant new agreement: all military assistance is to flow through a three-man civilian leadership, which will exercise authority over all aspects of the movement's activities. Two members of this committee are Social Democrats who served briefly in the Sandinista government: Arturo Cruz and Alfonso Robelo. The third, Adolfo Calero, describes himself as a "democratic capitalist," and has solid credentials as an opponent of the Somoza dictatorship. No doubt this arrangement will have its crises, but, with U.S. assistance, it can be made to work.

Nicaragua has been through almost a decade of revolution and civil war. There are few figures in Nicaraguan public life who have not been touched by some aspect of this dark and tangled history. If Enrique Bermúdez can be objected to for having been a member of the National Guard, so also might Cruz and Robelo be challenged for having served the Sandinistas. (Many Nicaraguans—including poor farmers the expropriation of whose land caused them to join the *contras*—also remember Cruz and Robelo's roles in this difficult period of Nicaraguan history.)

I believe that the United States is right to ask that its aid to the *contras* be conditioned on civilian and pro-democratic leadership, respect for human rights, and the honest and competent management of funds. This is a case where principle and the requirements of practical effectiveness overlap. But I differ with Ronald Radosh in my conviction that charges of corruption or other criminal abuses by groups or individuals within the *contra* movement must be proved before those so accused can be judged guilty, and that no Nicaraguan should be barred from a role in the movement simply because of past political associations which involve no direct responsibility for crimes or repression.

It is puzzling that Mr. Radosh invokes Michael Walzer's *New Republic* article as his "alternative course for democrats who wish to oppose the Sandinistas." What Walzer actually concludes is that, where Nicaragua itself is concerned, the United States should do nothing: "I can only recommend a policy of hostile neglect." Walzer suggests, as Mr. Radosh notes, that we should do what we can politically and economically to "make things hard for" the Sandinistas. But Walzer has no practical proposals, nor any illu-

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sions that what we might do will have much effect. He concludes that: "The hardships of repression and censorship, and of scarcity and rationing, are not like the hardships of war: the Nicaraguans have brought the former, but not the latter, on themselves. They will have to find their own escape."

I find this a very strange thing for Walzer, a respected Democratic Socialist thinker, to admit. If "the Nicaraguans" Walzer is referring to in the above sentence are the people of Nicaragua (even in the broader context of his article this is not at all clear), then he is blaming them for the crimes of their Sandinista rulers, and turning his back on them. So much for solidarity with the oppressed. But if "the Nicaraguans" he is referring to are the Sandinista *comandantes* themselves, then he surely knows enough about Communist social arrangements to understand that the inevitable "hardships of repression and censorship, and of scarcity and rationing" do not fall upon bureaucratic elites but upon those they rule. The Sandinistas themselves have no need to escape these hardships: they have, for their own purposes, created them.

Michael Walzer's sophisticated despair seems to be enjoying a kind of vogue among maturing radicals of the 1960's. It strikes me that the men and women of the Nicaraguan resistance have both a greater moral strength and political understanding. For all its elegant anguish, Walzer's position leads not only to the abandonment of the Nicaraguan people, it also leads to a great increase in the Soviet and Cuban military threat—a gain that greatly enhances the likelihood of major war.

Computers & Poets

To the Editor of Commentary:

William Barrett's article, "Why Computers Can't Be Poets" [April], shows a fundamental misunderstanding of Alan Turing's famous essay, "Can a Machine Think?"

Mr. Barrett begins his argument with a discussion of the Turing test, an attempt (by Turing) to define an objective criterion to determine whether or not a machine exhibits intelligence. Turing felt that before he could discuss the question of whether or not a machine can think, he had to describe what "thinking" meant. In this way he could avoid a semantic argument and get right to the crux of the question at hand.

The Turing test, as Mr. Barrett accurately describes it, has an examiner in one room communicating with a computer and a human being in two other rooms; the examiner must decide which respondent is the computer and which is the human. If the examiner consistently fails to guess correctly, then the machine is exhibiting intelligence. This common ground was to be the basis (and is today) for discussing whether a machine can think. In arguing for the test, Turing presents a hypothetical conversation between the examiner and the computer, in which the computer defends the style of a poem it had written. Turing's point is that *if* the machine were able to answer such questions, *then* regardless of how it managed to do so, we would have to admit that it was "thinking."

Mr. Barrett at this point claims that Turing is not handling the question at issue, which is "the ability [of the computer] to produce the poem in the first place." I am afraid, however, that it is Mr. Barrett who has missed the question and with it the whole point in this section of Turing's essay. The point is that the Turing test is a reasonable definition of thinking. Turing does not conclude here, as Mr. Barrett implies, that the computer can write poems; instead, all he claims is that *if* it could write poems and then fool an examiner by talking about its use of style (i.e., pass the Turing test), *then* it would be exhibiting intelligence. I doubt that Mr. Barrett has any argument with this.

We can then move on to Mr. Barrett's question, which is whether a machine will ever be able to pass such a test. . . . I refer the reader to Turing's essay, which contains many compelling arguments in favor of the machine's ability one day to pass the Turing test. The essay is reprinted in Volume IV of *The World of Mathematics,* a wonderful collection of mathematical literature, edited by James R. Newman (Simon and Schuster, 1956). It is unfortunate that Mr. Barrett does not discuss any of these arguments. . . . He does, however, correctly describe Turing's belief that in fifty years (from 1945), when a machine would have as many memory cells as the brain has neurons (approximately 10^9), it would be able to pass the test.

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Unfortunately, even here he errs by writing 109 rather than 10^9. I assume that this is a typographical error rather than a conceptual misunderstanding.

We can let Turing's essay speak for itself, so let us now consider Mr. Barrett's own arguments against the possibility of the machine passing the Turing test. He writes: "The writing of a poem is not merely the combination of discrete units of language." Among other things, it requires "creative sensitivity toward the living language" and a "unique historical sense." He continues: "It is hard to see how one could install these qualities of mind in a machine."

An excellent point. Of course it is hard. This is precisely why neurobiologists, psychologists, and computer scientists are spending their lives trying to solve this problem (or at least small pieces of it). The alternative is to give up trying to understand how we do what we do.

It is natural for us to feel that our own creative activities (writing poetry, composing music, or discovering scientific principles) must be more than a manipulation of discrete symbols. But if we suppress our self-centered pride for a moment, we can ask ourselves: is there not some underlying mechanical structure to our creative thoughts? Surely something mechanical (or at least electrochemical) happens in our brains.

If we admit this much, then the real problem, of course, is trying to discern the relationship between the electrochemical firings of our neurons and the finished poem. It is this problem that must be solved (not denied) before a computer can pass the Turing test. Unfortunately, this is quite a tall order. It is like trying to describe a hurricane by pointing to the paths of each molecule of water in the heavens. There may be a relationship, but we must put in a lot of effort to make it comprehensible. . . .

Mr. Barrett writes: "For a man whose mind had been continuously engaged with the question of how the machine might guide and regulate life, he [Turing] seems to have been sadly incapable of managing his own." This is perhaps the most misinformed sentence in the article. Turing was engaged in the effort to bridge the gap between physical mind and creative thought, not in the technocratic preoccupation with how a machine might guide and regulate life. As to whether he was capable of managing his own life, I can only recommend to Mr. Barrett a recent biography by Andrew Hodges, entitled *Alan Turing: The Enigma*, . . . that gives an honest picture of the great yet tragic life of the scientist. . . . Whether Turing's suicide was a brave response or a cowardly escape, his short life left the world some of the most important foundations of computer science.

To try to discern how we create is an honorable human endeavor; to deny the validity of this effort is vanity in its most dangerous form.

CHARLES SIMONSON
Northwestern University
Evanston, Illinois

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

William Barrett writes that the storage capacity of modern computers approaches 109 bits. Even a small personal computer has a capacity of at least a few hundred thousand bits. Evidently Mr. Barrett knows nothing about computers; if a computer were asked to write a poem about his article, we might expect to get something like this:

> There was a professor named
> Barrett,
> Didn't know a computer from
> a carrot.
> He was so out of his wits,
> Thought the limit was 109 bits.
> Barrett should go back to
> his garret. . . .

SAM REYBURN
Bronx, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

For someone as profoundly distrustful of computers as William Barrett, he has taken surprisingly little trouble to learn much about them, either technically or in terms of how they are currently being used in the arts, most notably in the visual arts and music. Shrewdly, he has confined his case against computers to poetry, a field in which, owing to the lack of a close and indispensable connection with technology, their application may indeed prove relatively unproductive even over the long term.

Let me then provide some of the rudimentary technical information Mr. Barrett left out, and then indicate how computer graphics, artificial intelligence, and other computer-related technologies and disciplines are being successfully applied to both creative art and research in art theory and aesthetics. I hope thus to make it easier to understand why those of us deeply involved with computers, despite the inevitable difficulties and frustrations associated with them, are unable to view them as gloomily as does Mr. Barrett.

For Mr. Barrett the basic—possibly the *only*—resource of a powerful computer is the size of its memory, the number of bits of information it is capable of storing.... The phrase "storage capacity" is used four times in the article, with no mention of speed as an equally important consideration in the operation of computers, or of how computer memory is intricately organized and allocated to different functions. There is not even a hint that Mr. Barrett knows the difference between read-only memory (ROM) and random-access memory (RAM)—a feature known to millions who own personal computers and to multitudes of bright children as well (not to mention the writers—including poets—who have taken to word processors and the use of thesaurus-like programs).

Linked to his notion of computers as nothing but memory and hardware is Mr. Barrett's failure to consider software and the role of programmers in designing and coding this software. Finally, there is no mention of the contribution of those who commission, purchase, or otherwise use the software that makes the hardware work. Sensing, one presumes, that any mention of the role of human beings in the design, use, and improvement of computers would soften his picture of computers as profoundly non-human and anti-human, he leaves out the human factor entirely.

If a computer is programmed to write poetry, whether a superficial parody of the real thing or at the level of the great poets, the program is of the class known as a simulation. Programs of this kind are essentially an abstract representation—a model—of real-life phenomena. . . .

If the purpose of a program is to simulate everything involved in the process of creating great poetry, in a particular style, this "everything" must be identified and modeled, an accomplishment that may indeed prove impossible after centuries or thousands of years of dedication to the task. But a simulation need not be perfect to be

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useful, or to register an impressive performance in a field in which precise information—whether qualitative or quantitative—may be difficult to formulate. A computer, in sum, need not produce masterpieces to improve our understanding of art.

An example of how the computer is being used in the study of stylistics and formal structure in the visual arts is provided by Joan and Russell Kirsch, a husband-and-wife team of artist and computer scientist who have taken on the formidable task of preparing a program that analyzes and simulates the work of Richard Diebenkorn, one of the most important and respected contemporary painters. While this program—a kind of grammar pertaining to shape and the segmentation of the picture into large, well-proportioned areas—has yet to incorporate color, brushwork, and other important features of Diebenkorn's work, it is a significant harbinger of a completely new approach to the analysis of style, visual syntax, and the principles of formal abstract design and composition.

While the simulation of the poems and paintings for research is only beginning, computer-graphic programs that encode and simulate styles of visual art have been written and used by artists for over twenty years—indeed, for over twenty-five years, since the roots of this approach go back to the German artists, aestheticians, and computer scientists who in the early 60's founded the movement known as Generative Art. In this country, the group of artists most closely associated with this serial-robotic approach to computer art includes Manfred Mohn, Edward Zajac, Colette and Jeff Bangert, Harold Cohen, and myself.

Of this group the best known is Harold Cohen, a British artist associated with the University of California at San Diego since 1968. Apart from his reputation as an artist, Cohen has also become known and respected in the field of artificial intelligence for *Aaron*, a simulation-type program that was begun in 1972 and continues to evolve and demonstrate "talent" much as if it were a living artist. In this program, Cohen has basically created a model of himself as an artist; the program, as a quasi-autonomous agent, creates black-and-white drawings using felt-tip pens much as Cohen himself might do if he held the pens in his own hand. The drawings are made as a small drawing machine called a "turtle" slowly moves about on a large piece of paper or canvas laid on the floor. Or, five or more drawings are produced simultaneously by an array of plotters attached to a computer. Though Mr. Barrett claims that, unlike a human poet, a computer cannot continue to improve and change, *Aaron* has continued to improve and become more sophisticated as Cohen himself grows as an artist and continues to expand his program.

I realize that there is only a slight chance that the information supplied here will carry much weight with Mr. Barrett. For his grudge against the computer—as his book, *Death of the Soul*, clearly documents—is grounded in a sweeping devaluation of the role of science, technology, and rationalism in Western civilization over the last three or four centuries. On this premise he is justified in condemning computers and their application to any form of art, since they are indeed a product and extension of scientific rationalism and the cluster of values that both grow out of it and support it.

ROBERT MALLARY
Department of Art
University of Massachusetts
Amherst, Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In "Why Computers Can't Be Poets," William Barrett writes of the professional and personal life of Alan Turing, the English mathematician and logician who cracked the Nazis' cipher code, "thus freeing a good deal of Allied shipping from the menace of the U-boats" (and considerably advancing the date of the Allied victory).

Mr. Barrett writes that Turing's life after the war "became rather beclouded and unhappy" because "he insisted on being an indiscreet homosexual and fell afoul of the authorities," and that he killed himself in 1954 at the age of forty-one. These facts are true as far as they go, but by omitting the actual role played by the "authorities" in Turing's suicide, this account might considerably mislead a reader.

In 1952 an ex-lover burglarized Turing's house. Turing reported the incident to the police and, in the course of giving his deposition, revealed his homosexuality. This being a criminal offense in England at the time, the police were forced to take action. Douglas R. Hofstadter, reviewing Andrew Hodge's *Alan Turing: The Enigma* in the November 13, 1983, New York *Times Book Review*, writes:

> Turing was found guilty of homosexuality and sentenced to "treatment" rather than jail. Regular injections of female sex hormones were given to him to quell his sex drive. Turing did not want to try to use any of his connections in government or the academic world to mitigate his sentence and he simply endured it, growing breasts and being rendered impotent by the time the treatment was ended in a year.

This was the situation that caused Turing to take his own life in 1954 by eating an apple he had coated with cyanide. He tried to stage a suicide that would appear to be a laboratory accident to his mother, whom he wished to spare unnecessary grief.

Turing was an unoffending man whose genius saved countless lives. His death should not be blamed on his indiscretion but on the moral stupidity of those who drove him to suicide.

CAROL F. JOCHNOWITZ,
GEORGE JOCHNOWITZ
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I agree with William Barrett that computers can't be poets. However, I think that while Mr. Barrett circles the reason this is so, he never quite hits it.

Computers cannot know anything we do not tell them. The fact is that we simply don't know what makes a beautiful poem or a good poet. We can identify a good poem after it has been created and isolate various elements which make it good. But we cannot tell a computer all the elements which will make its poem a good one and also instruct it in how to integrate those elements.

The limitations on our ability to make computers perform specific tasks are ultimately the same as the limitations on our ability to understand the particular processes underlying those tasks. When human beings understand the creative process so totally that we can . . . make any intelligent, sensitive person a Shakespeare, then we will probably be able to make computers into Shakespeares too.

PETER BIENSTOCK
New York City

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TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

As one who makes his living designing computerized information systems, I would like to commend William Barrett for "Why Computers Can't be Poets." Both popular and technical literature abound in silly references to "artificial intelligence." Mr. Barrett has provided a much-needed corrective.

A computer is a wholly material object designed (by man, if it is not too churlish to mention) so as to operate as a mechanical processor of data. Given (by man) a set of data and a formally-defined rule to be applied to the data, a computer can perform the defined transformation. The question is whether human thought is entirely reducible to this mechanical execution of algorithmic procedures. The partisans of artificial intelligence answer yes, but, as Mr. Barrett points out, that assertion itself is a philosophic statement, which is to say, super-mechanical.

One might further ask the artificial intelligentsia (to use Joseph Weidenbaum's apt label) how, if all thought is but the effusion of a uniform material process, it comes to pass that a materialist's mind/brain/computer could emit an opinion different from one issued by Mr. Barrett's mind/brain/computer? They might answer that the Barrett machine suffers from erroneous input or faulty programming, but such an evaluation can only be made from a super-mechanical vantage point.

A human being can make evaluations which transcend the tautological realm of mechanical data transformations because he is not wholly material. He partakes of a super-material reality which enables him to discern meanings, appreciate beauty, apprehend truth, and make moral choices.

DANIEL LOVE GLAZER
Chicago, Illinois

WILLIAM BARRETT writes:

I had not expected the responses, either in volume or tone, to my piece, which seemed to me obvious and innocuous enough. But I realize that we live now in a cultural climate where, at least in some quarters, the computer has become something of a sacred icon not to be profaned by any suggestion of its limitations.

First, let me point out that the mistake so many of the correspondents noted—109 bits rather than 10^9—was indeed a typographical error. I should also make it quite plain at the start that I have nothing against the computer as a piece of technology—quite the contrary. What I find fault with are the ideologies and fantasies that have sprung up around this instrument. What we have is science fiction masquerading as science. In most cases it is old-fashioned mechanism masquerading under new colors. The confusion is all the worse because prevailing philosophies of mathematics and of mind have been far from satisfactory.

Perhaps my point could have been developed just as well in relation to mathematics as to poetry. (Poetry itself is rather a suspect item to some computer minds.) The development of mathematics depends on the free constructions of the human mind. This the computer cannot do. Is there a last prime number or not? If we had only the computer, we could set it grinding out larger and larger primes on and on, but getting nowhere. The mind of the mathematician, however, constructs a simple set that shows there can be no last prime. Or consider the far more audacious construction of the differential calculus. Now that the human mind has constructed it, the computer can be used in calculations with it. Let us not underestimate the essential creativity of the human mind.

To come back to poetry for one final point. As a reader of T.S. Eliot over the years, I have long since come to the conclusion that the body of Eliot's poetry could only have been written by Eliot himself and nobody else. What now if we consider the assumption that this poetry could have been written by a computer? Well, the machine would have to be Eliot himself! I think I may now leave matters at this final absurdity.

Richard Strauss

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I was a member of the Metropolitan Opera for thirty years, singing in practically all the operas of Richard Strauss. (I even have a signed photograph of the composer, with a dedication to me.) I have sung the role of Baron Ochs in *Der Rosenkavalier* in the original German (dialect), also in French, Italian, and English with conductors like Karl Böhm, Fritz Reiner, and Erich Leinsdorf. I have studied Strauss with musicians and musicologists. But I have never encountered such a concise and convincing appraisal of this great composer as Samuel Lipman's "The Later, and Greater, Strauss" [May].

In only six pages, everything essential is mentioned and documented. Mr. Lipman's short comments are all to the point and valid; he traces the line of development from the early to the later Strauss with insight, knowledge, mastery, and without prejudice of any kind.

Please accept my heartfelt congratulations for having Samuel Lipman as your music critic.

LORENZO ALVARY
New York City

Erik Erikson

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I was very interested in Larry D. Nachman's review of two recent books on children by Robert Coles [Books in Review, May]. I very much appreciate and agree with the tenor of his criticisms. However, I believe he overstates his position when he refers to "the late Erik Erikson." Having had dinner with Erik last Sunday and watching him and Joan dance, I feel that Mr. Nachman should be more temperate in his adjectives.

JEROME D. OREMLAND, M.D.
Director, San Francisco
Postgraduate Institute for
Psychoanalytic Psychotherapy
San Francisco, California

We regret the error and extend our apologies to Erik Erikson.—EDS.

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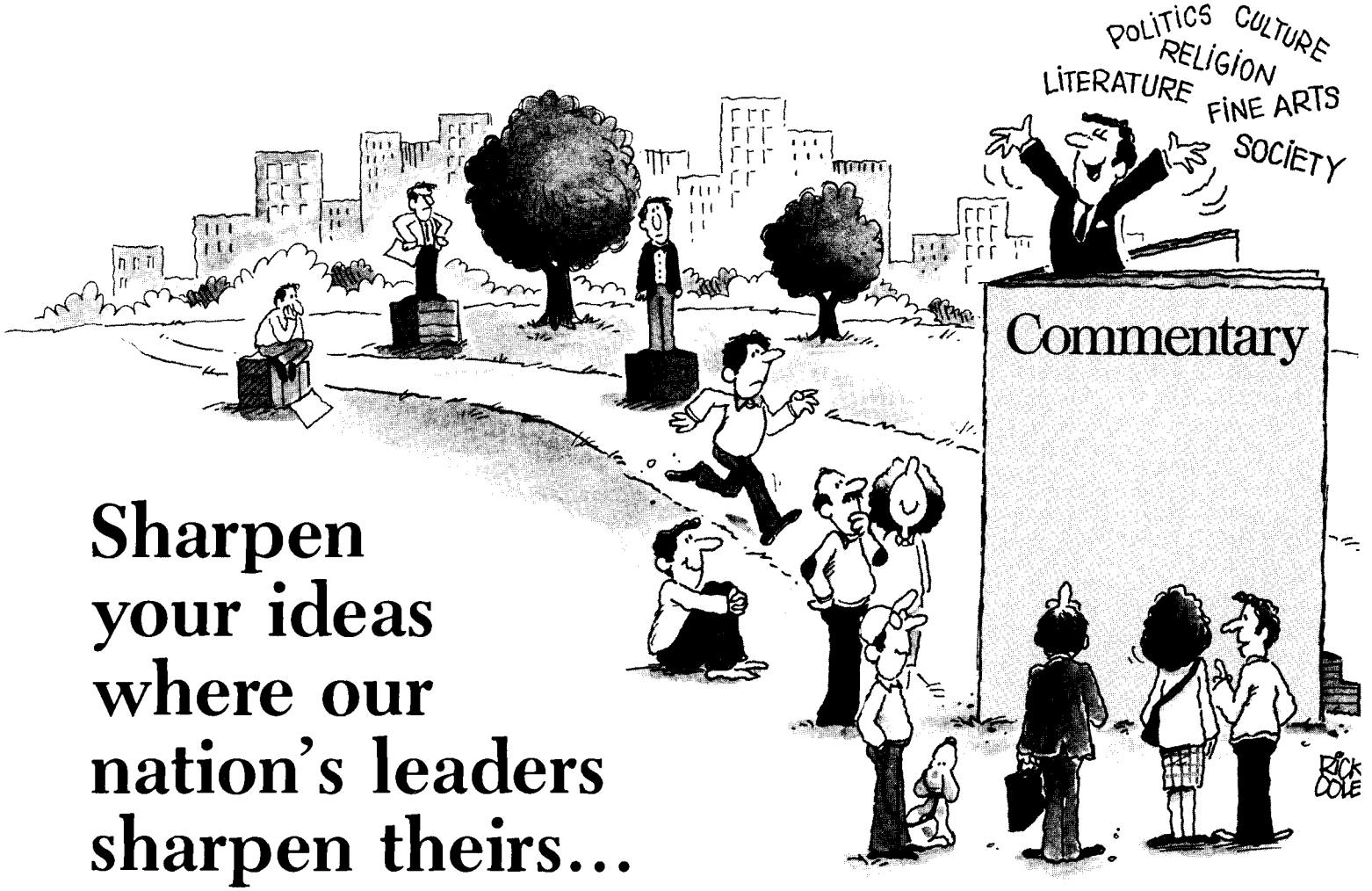

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Why Reagan Won and Stockman Lost

James Q. Wilson

LIBERALS and conservatives alike spend a lot of time wishing the United States did not have its present Constitution. Out of power, each group finds plenty of occasions to applaud the system of checks and balances that impede political change. In power, it is another matter. What once seemed to be wise restraints on the machinations of political schemers now seem to be perverse restrictions on the forward march of good government.

But occasionally a window of opportunity opens wide enough to permit bold change. For liberals, it has opened twice in this century: the first was in 1935 when a massive economic dislocation, solid Democratic majorities in Congress, and the emergence of a new (albeit slim) majority on the Supreme Court made it possible to lay the foundations for the modern welfare state. The second was thirty years later when the assassination of a young President, the landslide electoral victory of his successor, and the arrival of a liberal majority in both houses of Congress set the stage for a vast enlargement of the welfare state.

David A. Stockman believed that the window had opened again in 1981, this time for conservative policies that would reverse rather than expand the welfare state. He was wrong. What is puzzling is that he should ever have supposed he was right.

The 1980 elections produced no special moment in American history. An incumbent President, beset with rampant inflation, high interest rates, and foreign-policy reversals, was defeated by a rival who had, in the voters' minds, the chief advantage of not being the incumbent. The Republican party captured the Senate and made gains in the House, but unlike in 1965 and 1935 these shifts produced no clear ideological majority that could form the basis of a new governing coalition. Little could happen against the opposition of Republicans and conservative Democrats, but little could be achieved by them acting alone, if for no other reason than that, on many issues, it was a divided coalition. Most important, public opinion, which supported the thrust of policy in 1935 and 1965, was not disposed to reverse that thrust in 1981. People wanted changes—lessened inflation, a stronger defense—but there was little demand for cuts in major welfare or environmental programs.

The Federal Reserve Board was determined to effect one of those changes. It raised interest rates (specifically, the federal funds rate and the discount rate) and watched, with grim determination, as the prime rate climbed past 18 percent and headed toward 20. Bond prices collapsed and stock prices wallowed in a sea of uncertainty. The rate of increase in consumer prices began to slow but, as a consequence of the accompanying economic slowdown, unemployment worsened. Within months after his inauguration, President Reagan's standing in the polls had dropped precipitously as people expressed their concern about the economic decline. The President and the chairman of the Federal Reserve Board were determined to stay the course, however, and in a couple of years the worst was over: interest rates and unemployment began dropping, the stock market revived, and inflation seemed under control.

It was during these months of difficult and painful economic readjustment that David Stockman and a handful of apparently like-minded ideologues decided to remake domestic public policy. To do this in a period of general prosperity, high presidential popularity, strong public support, and a united congressional majority would have been difficult enough (the Framers had seen to that); to do it in the teeth of a recession, declining presidential popularity, the absence of popular support, and a divided Congress was impossible.

David Stockman's book* is an account of how they tried. It has not been well received, partly, it seems, because of its scathing references to almost all of Stockman's former associates. Though Stockman is critical of himself as well ("wrong from the very beginning," afflicted with "ideological hubris," somebody who "cooked the numbers," the author of a plan that was "fatally

JAMES Q. WILSON is Shattuck Professor of Government at Harvard and Collins Professor of Management at UCLA. His most recent book, written with Richard Herrnstein, is *Crime and Human Nature*.

* *The Triumph of Politics: Why the Reagan Revolution Failed*, Harper & Row, 422 pp., $21.95.

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flawed"), official Washington is not likely to excuse the savaging of former allies just because the savager has suffered some self-inflicted wounds.

I dislike the book for that reason and another: it is wrong, it is indecent for a man to take the king's pence and enjoy the king's confidence and then to practice indiscriminate regicide, and to do so for profit. This is the book of a smart-aleck, seemingly devoid of any sense of honor. But the book, however distasteful, is here; what are we to make of it?

STOCKMAN's book tells us in infinite, frenetic detail what happened, in one man's opinion, during two years when cuts were made in taxes and were attempted in spending. It does not tell us why it happened.

This is really quite astonishing. Here is one of the few periods in our history when people tried to govern on the basis of certain explicit intellectual theories—libertarianism, supply-side economics, and whatever—and we are scarcely told what the theories mean, how they were justified, and how a President was persuaded to act as if the theories were his.

Perhaps it is because Stockman himself is ideologically so promiscuous that no single idea is ever important or lasting enough to warrant careful study. No, promiscuous is the wrong word; until near the end of his governmental career, he was not knowingly unfaithful to whatever ideology had at the moment captured him. Serial monogamy is a better metaphor: Stockman has been the Tommy Manville of political convictions, rushing from the hotbed of one ideological marriage to the inviting embrace of another. In little more than a decade, he went from being a biblical fundamentalist, to a leftist peacenik, a neo-Marxist radical, a free-market economist, a supply-side economist, a libertarian, and a Hooverite advocate of balanced budgets.

The chase ended when access to great political power embedded him in one view. Or rather three, all seemingly consistent but each in partial contradiction to the other two.

One was welfare economics: that is, the view that one can evaluate public policies on the basis of economic efficiency and social equity. This theory is taught in almost every economics course; setting aside the graphs and equations, it can be reduced to some simple, and generally compelling, propositions. All resources have opportunity costs —use $10 million, whether as subsidies or tax breaks, for one purpose and it will not be available for some other purpose. Scarce resources should be put to their highest and best use; anything less is wasteful. Those who benefit from a program should pay for it, unless the program is intended to correct an unfair distribution of wealth, in which case those who are better off should pay more than those who are worse off. It is not enough that a program have a noble purpose or a laudable motive; to warrant a claim on resources, it should actually produce the intended effect and do so at a reasonable cost. And so on.

In 1975, Stockman published an article in the *Public Interest* entitled "The Social Pork Barrel." It was a brilliant, vivid account of the many ways in which government violated the rule of efficiency (get the most out of a given dollar) and equity (those who have or gain more should pay more of the cost than those who have or gain less). It seemed to many who read it, including me, to be a manifesto for how best to reconstruct the welfare state, provided, of course, one could think of a way to do it. It was not an argument for a small government or a weak government or a government indifferent to the poor; as I read it, it was an argument for a fair and competent government. As Stockman was later to write, these views were "intended to attack weak claims, not weak clients."

The second theory was supply-side economics. This view held that wealth creation should take precedence over wealth distribution. Indeed, without continuous wealth creation there would be no opportunity for altering wealth distribution without a fratricidal class war. To encourage wealth creation, productive and innovative energies had to be unleashed by allowing people to earn profits for taking risks. Supply-side economics required low marginal tax rates and an end to burdensome regulations.

Among supply-siders, however, there were some key, but for a long time papered-over, differences. Some believed that the Federal Reserve Board would have to maintain a tight money policy so that inflation did not produce false economic growth and require sudden and harmful imposition of very high interest rates in order to cool off the inflation. Others believed that tight money was a mistake; if the government runs a deficit as a consequence of a big tax cut, enhanced economic growth will produce more tax revenues and automatically bring the budget back into balance; the Federal Reserve Board should keep interest rates down so as not to impede this growth. Still others worried that if a tax cut caused a big deficit, the economic growth that the tax cut was intended to stimulate would never occur as public borrowing crowded out private investment.

For better or worse, supply-side economics came to be known by its most hotly debated plan, the Kemp-Roth tax cut. In Stockman's book there is a fleeting and hearsay account of how Ronald Reagan was converted by Jack Kemp in early 1980 into a supporter of sharply reducing the highest tax rates. No details are given, apart from a brief and tantalizing reference to a phone call from Kemp to Stockman saying that Reagan had been "converted" at a meeting in California. (Here and elsewhere, Stockman tells us nothing except what he, Stockman, was thinking and doing. Processing diaries and office notes into

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text is, of course, the easiest way to write a book in a hurry. It is also the easiest way to confuse or mislead a reader who has no other sources to which he can turn.) Kemp and his ally, the journalist Jude Wanniski, are portrayed by Stockman as persons who claimed to believe that the tax cut would pay for itself by generating more tax revenue from more economic activity. They referred to budget-cutters as Hooverite fogeys who practiced outmoded, "root-canal" politics. Stockman describes himself as a person who did not believe this, who believed instead that government expenditures would have to be cut in order to pay for the tax reduction.

The third view was libertarianism: the theory that human liberty is the highest good and that therefore the state, as an instrument of coercion, should play a minimum role and have minimum powers. Like welfare economics, libertarianism has a distinguished pedigree: Friedrich Hayek, Milton Friedman, Robert Nozick. Libertarians believe that a minimalist state will produce good economic consequences (the smaller and weaker the state, the more the economy will operate on the basis of voluntary market transactions), but to a pure libertarian, economic efficiency is a secondary consideration, for it is the moral value of liberty, not the practical value of wealth, that ultimately justifies the creed.

To move toward the libertarian ideal, most of the welfare state and the regulatory state would have to be dismantled. Certainly the state's powers should not be enlarged to accommodate the agenda of the religious Right: banning abortions, allowing school prayer, or restricting the teaching of Darwinism. As Stockman writes: "My soft-core Marxism had annealed into libertarianism. I didn't believe in economic regulation and I didn't believe in moral regulation." Even foreign policy would be affected. Though the state has a responsibility to defend its citizens, it is a responsibility that would have to be carefully discharged. Certainly there could be no draft; the army would have to hire its soldiers just as General Motors hired its auto workers. There is almost no discussion of foreign policy in Stockman's book, except for an account of his unsuccessful struggle to get Caspar Weinberger to agree to a slower defense build-up.

THESE three strands of thought can be woven together, and apparently Stockman and others did just that—for a while. But in time the tensions among the strands became so great as to tear the ideological fabric. Welfare economists are quite comfortable with a large state; they only require that it be an efficient and fair one. Libertarians are uncomfortable with a large state, however efficient or fair. Supply-side economists should not in theory object to a growth in the government's income, provided only that the increase does not result from high tax rates. Of course, to the extent that supply-side economists are also libertarians, they will be disturbed by growing tax revenues, for that necessarily implies a growing government.

Tax legislation is a key test of the compatibility of these views. A supply-sider who only wants more wealth production will take any kind of tax cut he can get. During 1980-81, he was offered several. Representative Barber Conable (R, N.Y.) proposed an easier depreciation schedule (the "10-5-3" plan). If business can write off its investments in plant and equipment more rapidly, then there will be more investment and thus more rapid economic growth. Stockman opposed that approach. Why? He does not make his reason clear, but the following speculation can be entertained. Easing depreciation rules is a special break for business, and thus violates the welfare-economics rule of fairness. And easing such rules leaves marginal tax rates high, and thus will make it harder to shrink the size of government as libertarians want. Widening a loophole in the tax code was decried by Stockman as "Washington politics"—it would keep the machinery of government intact, stimulate business and other lobbyists, and empower Congressmen who controlled the size and timing of the loophole. Stockman wanted Washington to have less power.

Another way of reducing taxes in the future was to index the tax brackets. This meant that people, especially those with modest incomes, would not be pushed into higher tax brackets by inflation. One would think that supply-siders would have been pleased with indexing because it meant that any tax cut, such as Kemp-Roth, would remain in effect permanently and not be eroded away by future inflation. Stockman must not have been a pure supply-sider, for he opposed indexing precisely *because* it would ensure that the result of Kemp-Roth "would be a deep and permanent cut in the revenue base." Having opposed easier depreciation rules because they would leave Washington politicians with too much power, Stockman opposed bracket indexing because this would leave Washington politicians with too little money (and thus, presumably, with too little power).

Someone else came up with the idea of liberalized deductions for contributions to Individual Retirement Accounts (IRA's) and Keogh plans. Stockman opposed this. One quite natural possibility is that, by now, Stockman was caught in a tightening noose. The Kemp-Roth plan would drastically reduce government revenues. Only in some supply-side fantasy would economic growth pay for these reductions. Further cuts—easier depreciation, indexing, liberalized rules for IRA's—would only make matters worse. Stockman, locked into a power struggle and guided by an imperfectly understood ideology, was trying to be prudent by fending off tax-break ornaments that were now being hung onto the Kemp-Roth Christmas tree. But it was a marginal sort of prudence, akin to putting styptic on a shaving

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cut while hemorrhaging from the femoral artery.

This philosophical confusion suggests that by the time these issues came to the fore Stockman was not pursuing a revolution so much as he was playing a game. The object of the game was to win—in this case, to win both a spending cut and a tax cut. The spending cut was determined by political considerations ($35 billion, more or less, seemed possible), and so the tax cut would have to be determined by political considerations as well (cut taxes no more than what one can afford, given the initial spending cuts and the prospect—unrealistic, at it turned out—of some future cuts). Now, there is nothing wrong with letting politics determine goals subject to the need for a balanced budget. That is politics as usual. What is wrong is dressing all this up in the apocalyptic language of a "revolution" that was "betrayed" by self-serving politicians. Stockman was a politician (albeit not a very good one) posing as a serious thinker frustrated by democratic rule.

There was, to be sure, something behind the pose—a mélange of philosophical objections, described above, to the drift of public policy. A few observers have argued that it was not so much a mélange as a plot in which the welfare economics and supply-side economics played second fiddle to the libertarianism. In this view, first articulated in 1981 by Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Stockman and others had deliberately pushed through the Kemp-Roth tax cut in order to create a giant deficit that would force the government to accept massive spending cuts. Stockman's response is ambiguous: "In truth, not six of the six hundred players in the game of fiscal governance in the spring and summer of 1981 would have willed this outcome." Six would have willed it? Was Stockman one of the six? He does not say. He may not have known then, or recall now, whether he was among the six or the 594. Moynihan was asking, in effect, "Do you just want economic growth? Or do you really want the libertarian dream of a minimal state?" Stockman cannot or will not answer, perhaps because he had not then and cannot now sort out the tangled threads of his passionate ideology.

IDEAS matter in politics, even ideas as confused or contradictory as Stockman's. Supply-side economics went from a cocktail napkin to a tax bill in a year or two. Regulation of airline prices and bank interest rates were ideas that have been replaced by the ideas of deregulation and market competition.

Can ideas be made to matter in ways that will overcome the government's apparent tendency to spend beyond its means? Stockman thinks not. The appendix to his book offers a gloomy picture of a fiscal policy recklessly and (probably) permanently out of kilter. In an essay published in a recent volume,* he faults the political system itself for the persistence of big deficits.

It is not hard to see why he is pessimistic. Public opinion strongly supports Medicare and Social Security. Though savings can be made in defense spending, President Reagan is right to say that big cuts in that spending are not only unwise in terms of preparedness, they would send the wrong signal at the wrong time. The people want no cuts in spending in many broad policy areas, including health, education, law enforcement, and environmental protection. However much citizens may agree that there is waste in government and that the government as a whole spends too much, it is hard to find any support for a broad movement toward a minimal state.

Moreover, the constitutional checks and balances that James Madison believed would make it difficult for the national government to grow now make it difficult to solve the problems of excessive government growth. In 1935 and 1965 the barriers to change were lowered; after the changes, the barriers rose again to their customary heights.

But if ideas have made a difference in the past, they can make a difference in the future. Libertarianism and the minimal state, however, are not viable ideas. A large, heterogeneous, democratic nation cannot be governed on the basis of a conception of the public good that requires, for its success, that the nation be small, homogeneous, and undemocratic. Telling people who want clean air, a safe environment, fewer drug dealers, a decent retirement, and protection against catastrophic medical bills that the government ought not to do these things is wishful or suicidal politics.

The libertarian tendency of Stockman's thought also leaves little place for foreign affairs. It is inconceivable that a government weak at home can be strong abroad. It is not merely that a great world power must have a substantial military capability (much of it necessarily wasteful); such a power must also be in a position to reward friends with foreign aid (much of it wasteful) and punish enemies with trade sanctions (many of them costly).

Indeed, the very act of governing in a republic of separated powers requires either pork-barrel projects and legislative logrolling or ending the separation of powers—that is, fundamental constitutional reform. But if the lessons of European parliamentary regimes are any guide, an America ruled on the basis of centralized rather than separated powers would have had, by 1981, a far larger welfare state than the one that Stockman attempted to pare down.

The Gramm-Rudman-Hollings deficit-reduction law is not a viable idea, either. As a kind of short-term shock therapy, it may be necessary (as one Senator who voted for it said, "It is a bad idea whose time has come"). But reducing the budget by making deep, indiscriminate, across-the-board cuts in everything from the

* "The Crisis in Federal Budgeting," in Allen Schick, ed., *Crisis in the Budget Process: Exercising Political Choice* (American Enterprise Institute, 1986), pp. 57-66.

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FBI and the Coast Guard to agricultural subsidies and military spending is madness, a fiscal guillotine that reflects no conception whatsoever of what is and what is not in the public interest.

The ideas that might provide the basis for a renewed effort to sort out national policy are ones with which Stockman once flirted: fairness and effectiveness. We want programs that serve national needs, that achieve their purposes, and that are paid for either by their beneficiaries or, if their beneficiaries are poor, by the nation as a whole.

The success so far of the tax-reform bill produced by the Senate Finance Committee shows that, under the right circumstances and with determined leadership, a policy based on the principle of fairness can win out over the demands of special-interest groups. Indeed, one of the lessons of the Stockman book is how often considerations of equity shape public policy, even in the midst of such feeding frenzies as the Kemp-Roth tax bill and the Reagan spending cuts. Repeatedly, members of Congress would offer a self-serving amendment only after somebody else offered one, stating that they would hold back if there was no bidding war but insisting that they had a right to jump in once the war began.

A concern for equity is one of the central and persistent features of human life—even among politicians. There are very few other ideas of equal power. In the bidding wars he witnessed, Stockman notes that such esoteric doctrines as supply-side economics were about as relevant as love at an orgy. If ideas are to govern, they must be ideas that are closely linked to core human values. This is what Madison meant when he wrote, in the *Federalist*, that in the United States, "a coalition of a majority of the whole society could seldom take place on any other principles than those of justice and the general good." He was not so naive as to suppose that no logrolling would take place. What he recognized was that logrolling itself is based on a principle: that of reciprocity.

Suppose Stockman were to relive his days in the Office of Management and Budget. He was, after all, a skilled and knowledgeable technician. What would he do differently? He might have followed the advice of Representative Robert Michel: "I think we better decide five or ten things we have to have, and go along with the committees on the rest."

There are five or ten government programs that deserve elimination, redirection, or reduced support. Stockman gave several examples in his 1975 *Public Interest* essay. Each violates the principle of equity or effectiveness or both. Some claim to be for the benefit of business, some claim to be for the benefit of the poor. It is a familiar list: agricultural subsidies that produce unused food, overcapitalized farms, high prices, and soaring costs, while leaving many farmers in bankruptcy; Social-Security and Medicare benefits that go to the rich as well as the poor; equal veterans' benefits for those who hardly served and had no injuries and for those who served heroically and suffered greatly.

Changing any is difficult; changing all is daunting. But if it was possible to cut certain tax rates, enact a (partly mythical) set of spending reductions, and increase military spending, other, more focused and defensible changes might have been equally possible.

Consider how much has already changed. In 1975, Stockman said that tax reform was virtually impossible because it would be "suicidal" to tax Social-Security benefits, eliminate the deduction for interest on consumer loans, or combine a repeal of the capital-gains exclusion with a reduction in marginal tax rates. Yet all of these things have either happened or have a high probability of happening, and the reason has been that at moments of fiscal crisis or political stalemate, politicians have found it possible, perhaps even necessary, to rally around elemental notions of fairness.

At a minimum, attacking a short hit-list of mistaken programs would have provided the opportunity for better staff work than the unbelievably sloppy or nonexistent staff work that often occurred during 1981 and 1982. Example: in a half-hour meeting, Stockman and Caspar Weinberger agreed to the rate at which the defense budget should increase, an agreement based on Stockman's back-of-the envelope calculations that, owing to an error in picking the base year, led to a 10-percent increase rather than the 7-percent increase Stockman had intended and the President had promised. Example: the decision to reduce the incentive for Social-Security recipients to take early retirement was made in so chaotic a manner that the wrong starting date for the new program was announced, provoking understandable howls of protest from current beneficiaries. Stockman, given his agenda for doing everything at once, would have been right at home in Jimmy Carter's White House.

Governing is not impossible, despair is premature. The economic chaos predicted by Stockman has yet to occur. The successes we have had in reducing inflation, interest rates, and unemployment are not trivial achievements. (Recall that scarcely any expert predicted these successes.) Still, we are in a painful period, when what people want from government vastly exceeds what they are willing to pay for. Politicians encouraged people to take this view and now must find a way to persuade them to take a different view. To modify and rationalize public policy will take a lot longer than it took to whoop through Congress the spending and taxing programs that got us into this fix. It will be a life's work for some dedicated, patient, and determined people willing to stay the course. It is not a task for ambitious young zealots.

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Paying Less Attention to the Middle East

Richard N. Haass

FEW ideas have been more influential in the shaping of American foreign policy in the Middle East than that which can be summed up in the shorthand phrase, "territory for peace." For nearly two decades, virtually everything that has been thought or said about this region has been informed by United Nations Security Council Resolution 242, with its call for the "establishment of a just and lasting peace in the Middle East"—a peace to be brought about by Israel's returning most if not all of the territories it conquered in the 1967 war in exchange for the recognition of its neighbors and the right to exist.

Implicit in American acceptance of the territory-for-peace model is the belief that the status quo—that is, a Middle East with Israel in possession of the West Bank and the Gaza Strip, the Golan Heights, and a unified Jerusalem—is not only unjust but inherently unstable, and hence threatening to American interests. It is argued that U.S. strategic, political, and economic interests in the Arab world will suffer so long as the United States is seen as supporting Israel and its conquests. Moreover, many believe that the Middle East, possibly more than any other part of the world, has within it the seeds of a dangerous confrontation between the U.S. and the Soviet Union. Also associated closely with the territory-for-peace idea is the notion that significant diplomatic progress in the region requires U.S. leadership. Many observers contend that the situation will get worse if it does not get better, and the only way for it to get better is for the United States to take an active role in brokering a settlement between Israel and its Arab neighbors.

Adding urgency to these related themes are the uncertain future of Arab moderates like Jordan's King Hussein and, recently, the brief remaining tenure of Prime Minister Shimon Peres of Israel, who is soon scheduled to transfer the reins of leadership to Foreign Minister Yitzhak Shamir, a man believed to be far less flexible on the matter of a possible trade of territory for peace. For these reasons we have seen over the past year considerable U.S. interest in the so-called "Jordanian option"—i.e., the attempt to persuade King Hussein to step forward and negotiate directly with Israel on behalf of the Palestinians. Others have suggested bringing Syria or the Soviet Union or the Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO) directly into the process, possibly by holding an international conference. What all such proposals have in common is the premise that the United States must and can act to promote reconciliation between Israel and at least some Arab leaders, and that the interests of no responsible party are served by the further passage of time.

These ideas are not new. The past eighteen years are rife with examples of various schemes to bring about "progress" in the Middle East. One such scheme, in the first Nixon administration, was the Rogers Plan for a comprehensive settlement of the entire Middle East question along the lines of UN Resolution 242; another was the Carter administration's joint call with the Soviet Union in October 1977 for a Geneva conference on the Middle East. Both the 1978 Camp David Accords and the 1982 Reagan Plan constituted blueprints for an overall settlement of the region. Even our efforts in Lebanon in recent years, whether they have taken the form of sending special negotiators or of sending the Marines, have been presented as necessary demonstrations of our ability to foster diplomatic progress in the Middle East, thereby paving the way for a more comprehensive effort to follow.

Yet despite the continuing allure of territory-for-peace as a diplomatic paradigm, the fact remains that with the important exception of what was achieved by the Camp David Accords, no exchange of territory for peace has actually taken place. Moreover, although Jordan has often flirted with the idea of negotiating directly with Israel, neither it nor Syria, the two countries claiming territory which Israel occupies, has offered to make peace. Israel, meanwhile, has annexed Jerusalem and the Golan Heights and settled large parts of the West Bank. And as for the future, candor requires acknowledging that the territory-for-peace paradigm stands little chance of being realized.

To understand why, we need to look at developments in both Israel and the Arab world.

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Within Israel, one can point to a host of factors: the national confidence which erupted in the wake of the 1967 war but which discouraged Israelis from ardently pursuing new territorial and political arrangements; the brooding and self-doubt which then emerged following the 1973 war, and which intensified sharply after the Lebanon conflict, reducing any propensity to "take risks for peace"; the decline in the strength and appeal of the Labor alignment, and the parallel rise of a nationalist Right and of militant religious sentiment; the attachment to "Judea and Samaria" which made it all but impossible for former Prime Minister Begin to contemplate replicating on the West Bank what he did in Sinai; and, most recently, the disillusionment with an Egypt which has proved reluctant to translate its peace accord with Israel into genuinely full relations.

Israeli politics in the mid-1980's are thus a far cry from what they were just fifteen years ago, when the Labor party, to considerable public approval, could espouse various plans for returning much of the West Bank to Jordan. At issue today is not whether the Jordan River forms Israel's eastern defense boundary but whether it ought to form the country's eastern political boundary as well. With time, the choice facing Israel could well become whether it should annex the West Bank and Gaza Strip, people and all, or annex them without their Arab inhabitants. For a variety of reasons Israel is unlikely to take such drastic action, but it is also unlikely to support anything that approximates the territory-for-peace model, as there is no longer a consensus in the country for doing so; indeed, any attempt by the government to implement a substantial exchange of territory would encounter armed resistance from the settlers and their supporters. As a result, Israel is likely to avoid confronting what has become *the* national question.

Of course the decline in Israeli support for an exchange of territory for peace is in part a response to developments in the Arab world. Only Sadat was able to capitalize on the Arab "victory" in the 1973 war to negotiate with Israel. The universal Arab rejection of Egypt, and Sadat's subsequent assassination, bode ill both for long-term Egyptian-Israel ties and for the prospect that any other Arab leader would risk as much for peace. That relations with Egypt never improved beyond the rudimentary level exacerbated matters.

Among other Arab leaders, Jordan's King Hussein, too weak to stay out of war in 1967, proved too weak to opt for peace in its aftermath. He has come to the brink often, only to pull back; while his caution is understandable, it makes him a poor partner in any peace process. His neighbor to the north, Hafez al-Assad of Syria, is an even worse partner, if for different reasons: he has refused to compromise on his demand for the complete return of the Golan Heights, and as the self-proclaimed leader of the Arab world he has also refused to compromise on Israel's complete relinquishment of the West Bank and Gaza. Saudi Arabia, an important behind-the-scenes actor, has used its considerable economic resources to support both Jordan and Syria; there is no evidence to suggest that the Saudis are a force for compromise in the region. The only other Arab state of consequence in this context—Iraq—has had its hands full contending with the bitter fruits of its ill-conceived invasion of Iran.

Two other factors affecting Arab politics also explain why territory-for-peace has fared poorly. The first has to do with the USSR. The Soviets have been intent upon strengthening Syria's might and thereby their own influence over Damascus and in the region generally; out of similar considerations they have aided the PLO and wooed Jordan's Hussein. At the same time the Soviets have refrained from resuming diplomatic relations with Israel, broken in 1967, despite the fact that Israel has made such recognition a prerequisite to sitting down with the Soviet Union at an international conference or anywhere else. Soviet policy toward the region has consisted of criticizing American peace-making efforts and giving armed support to several of the key Arab protagonists; the principal result of this approach has been to maintain the perception in the Arab world that a military option still exists and that time works for rather than against the radical Arab cause.

Even more important as an explanation of the current stalemate have been the politics of the PLO. It is more than a decade since the PLO received, from the Arab leaders who gathered in Rabat in the fall of 1974, an exclusive mandate to represent the Palestinian people. In retrospect, the collective Arab decision is noteworthy for nothing so much as ensuring that Jordan would not become a viable negotiating partner with Israel. The principal Palestinian leader, Yasir Arafat, has used the bulk of these past twelve years to gain international support for his cause, to strengthen the PLO's military arm, and to meet internal challenges to his authority. He has refused to recognize Israel or entertain the possibility of some form of Palestinian entity in the occupied territories. He has also refused to give up the instrument of terror. However understandable any or all of these decisions may be in light of the movement's aims and internal dynamics, they have made the PLO an organization with the power to undermine but not to contribute to the prospects for peace.

Recent activity only confirms the thesis that the Middle East is not ripe for movement toward an exchange of territory for peace. For much of the past year, attention has focused on whether King Hussein and Yasir Arafat, in the wake of their February 1985 pact, would steer themselves either to a "Jordanian option," in which Jordan,

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together with Palestinian representatives acting with the PLO's blessing, would negotiate directly with Israel, or a PLO option, in which the PLO would finally renounce terror, accept 242 (which it has heretofore refused to do), and recognize Israel's right to exist, thereby earning a place at the bargaining table. Although Israel's own willingness to explore the second option has been and remains questionable, the PLO never tested the issue, opting instead for the hijacking of the *Achille Lauro*. In February of this year Hussein finally terminated the common effort with the PLO but at the same time refused to move forward on his own. American, British, and intra-Arab diplomacy had once again came to naught.

The PLO's behavior was not the only bad news for Hussein. Israel's raid on PLO positions in Tunisia last October was a major embarrassment to him, as was the inability of the Reagan administration to convince a majority in Congress to permit a major ($1.9 billion) arms sale to Jordan. At the first Reagan-Gorbachev summit, the Middle East hardly came up. It is thus not altogether surprising that Hussein has turned away both from the PLO and from Washington to Damascus. There he has found a willing partner, as Assad means to demonstrate that there can be no peace without his full participation and support. (The United States unexpectedly appeared to endorse this turn of events; on December 5, 1985 the State Department declared U.S. support for Syrian participation in the peace process, adding pointedly that implementing Resolution 242 would mean Israel's return of the Golan Heights.) Yet if history is any guide, increased Syrian prominence will not be a boon for peace prospects. It may be difficult to make peace without Assad, but given his pretensions to establishing Syrian primacy in the region, it may well be impossible to make peace with him.

It is, in sum, hard to escape the conclusion that the territory-for-peace idea has run its course. Jordan is unwilling and perhaps unable to go it alone, while neither the PLO nor Syria is a promising participant in any diplomatic exercise. And as for Israel, although a more forthcoming Arab approach toward the principal issues of the Middle East would almost certainly moderate that country's often fickle public opinion, the maximum that Israel could be expected to propose in any peace package would fall short of the minimum any Arab state or the PLO could be expected to accept.

But if the basic paradigm is moribund, what about its two associated notions: that the current situation is inherently unstable and prejudicial to American interests, and that American activism is required not only to move diplomacy forward but to prevent the situation from worsening? As is often the case with conventional wisdom, neither of these propositions survives inspection.

Despite the absence of movement toward the goal of territory for peace, with Egypt removed for the foreseeable future from the list of potential confrontation states it is difficult to envision a realistic military option for the Arabs. Lebanon will remain preoccupied with its own internal struggles, Jordan is too vulnerable to Israeli aircraft and armor, the PLO lacks any significant military capacity after its losses in Lebanon, while the non-adjacent Arab states lack the means to project military power across the distances involved. Only Syria has the ability to engage Israel militarily, and although at some point there may be some logic for doing so—perhaps to distract actual or potential domestic political opponents, or to create a sense of crisis in the hope that the superpowers would feel compelled to step in and "impose" a settlement to Syria's liking—the reality is that Syria would lose badly in what would be a one-front war. Moreover, whatever the United States and the Soviet Union could do to manage a crisis would certainly fall far short of creating a new regional configuration. This is not to say that there will be no terrorist incidents or Israeli-Syrian clashes over Lebanon or war jitters; but full-scale war is less likely.

What is emerging in the Middle East, then, is a state of no peace-no war, a military standoff brought about by military facts and strengthened by tacit understandings among the principal protagonists.

How will U.S. interests fare in such a Middle East? Although it is often assumed that our relations with the Arab states will suffer, history suggests otherwise. The United States has consistently been able to engage in substantial economic, political, and military dealings with the Arab states of the Middle East despite their unhappiness over American diplomatic and military support for Israel. Arab oil and American goods, services, and technology have been traded, and political-military cooperation has grown between the United States and countries as varied as Egypt, Jordan, Oman, and Saudi Arabia. U.S. relations have even improved with Iraq, which, in view of its struggle with Iran, no longer has the luxury of keeping the United States at arm's length; many of the smaller Gulf sheikdoms may soon find themselves in similar straits. In the Middle East and beyond, the world teems with examples of states able to conduct a wide range of mutually beneficial business dealings notwithstanding deep political divides.

But, it may be asked, even if U.S. interests can be sustained in a Middle East in which Israel continues to occupy territories taken in war, does it not benefit us to be *seen* to be active diplomatically in behalf of territory-for-peace? There is something to this notion, for the United States does garner some credit around the world when it is perceived as working toward a Middle East settlement. It was, after all, American diplomatic efforts that were central to the disengagement agree-

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ments between Israel and both Egypt and Syria after the October 1973 war and to the success at Camp David. Moreover, the promise of peace provides a *raison d'être* for Arab "moderates," who have earned this title largely on account of their own perceived willingness to recognize and live peacefully alongside Israel. In the absence of a U.S.-led peace "process," many of these Arab leaders may come to feel abandoned, and a Middle East in the grip of such feelings could become more likely to slide into war.

Yet there are stronger reasons for the United States *not* to go on pressing for the basic paradigm of territory-for-peace. Among Israelis, such a policy will only antagonize and possibly embolden those who claim the United States cannot be trusted and that Israel must as a result take dramatic or decisive steps—i.e., annexation of the territories—to ensure its own long-term security. Among Arabs, heightened U.S. efforts will over time produce more frustration than satisfaction as it inevitably becomes clear that we cannot deliver what they want. In the process we will be wasting precious diplomatic resources, not the least of them our reputation as a sometimes effective arbiter of regional disputes. Most important, visible U.S. efforts aimed at a comprehensive Middle East settlement will help perpetuate the escapist and self-serving illusion in the Arab world that the key to regional settlement lies not in Arab willingness to compromise but in American willingness to pressure Israel. So long as this view dominates, we cannot expect those most directly affected to act responsibly.

STILL, eschewing activism does not constitute a policy. What, then, can and should the United States do to help avoid large-scale regional conflict and a U.S.-Soviet confrontation, to maintain access to resources and markets, to limit the scope for terrorism, and to expand political-military ties?

The United States can and should adhere closely to the position that peace in the Middle East lies mainly in the hands of the leaders and peoples of the region. While there is nothing to gain (and possibly a good deal to lose) from explicitly repudiating the territory-for-peace formulations of Camp David and the 1982 Reagan Plan, and similarly nothing to gain from renouncing UN Resolution 242, there is also little to be gained from actively championing these approaches. American officials would do better to continue making clear our opposition both to Israeli annexation of the West Bank and Gaza Strip—for this would unnecessarily antagonize Arab states and peoples and possibly bring renewed violence to the region without materially improving Israel's security—and to Palestinian "self-determination," which, as a shorthand for statehood, aims to bring into being an entity wholly unacceptable to Israel and arguably contrary to our own interests.

Some observers believe the United States has a strategic as well as a moral imperative to support Palestinian self-determination. But the United States has never supported the principle of self-determination unconditionally; factors of history, viability, and national interest have always entered into the calculation. A Palestinian state limited to part of the West Bank would almost certainly lack viability. It would pose a potential threat to both Israel and Jordan. Moreover, Palestinian leaders, and the PLO in particular, have compromised their claim to self-determination by their failure to recognize Israel or renounce terror. Under these circumstances it is absurd to expect the United States to support the Palestinian demand for self-determination.

Overall, we would do better to avoid focusing on political arrangements for the West Bank and emphasize instead our interest in promoting a mixture of home rule and functional ties between Palestinians and both Jordan and Israel. At this point, the best hope for the Palestinians lies not in summits or international conferences but at the more mundane levels of political and economic life which they themselves can somewhat control. Despite such setbacks as the March 1986 assassination of Nablus Mayor Zafer el Masri, Israel can be encouraged by us to move forward with its policy of "devolution" for key West Bank towns, an approach which has the virtue of improving people's lives while developing a local leadership class and keeping open ultimate questions of political status.

Ironically enough, a model for the people of the West Bank may be found in the condominium arrangements recently entered into by the United Kingdom and the Irish Republic, in which the latter was granted a degree of influence over the affairs of Northern Ireland in the context of continued British sovereignty there. Analogously, some mix of Palestinian, Jordanian, and Israeli influence in the occupied territories could well prove to be the most desirable outcome in the near term for the local inhabitants. There is sense in confronting only those issues for which a consensus may be fashioned, while postponing those which are simply too difficult to address. For the foreseeable future, the Palestinian predicament is one that cannot be solved, only managed.

A SECOND but no less important tenet of U.S. Middle East policy ought to be nurturing of Israeli-Egyptian ties. More than any other development, the return of the Sinai and the creation of an accepted border between Israel and what was (and some day again could be) the most militarily capable Arab state have transformed the regional political landscape. U.S. policy must therefore concern itself with promoting the stability of the Mubarak regime and instilling a pro-Western attitude (including, if possible, tolerance for Israel) among the elite.

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At present, Israeli-Egyptian ties are foundering; dissatisfaction, and disaffection, are rampant in both countries. There is no Egyptian ambassador resident in Tel Aviv, there are minimal high-level contacts, almost no travel by ordinary Egyptians to Israel, and no settlement of the status of Taba, a small parcel of land on the border which Egypt claims and Israel still controls. Meanwhile the Mubarak government's relations with the United States and Israel are the object of mounting hostility among Egypt's leftists and Muslim fundamentalists alike. In Israel, the relationship (or lack of one) has engendered considerable bitterness about what can be expected from the Arabs even in the best of circumstances.

The United States can act to arrest this deterioration by ensuring the flow to Cairo of substantial economic and military assistance (including military education and training), by expanding trade, investment, and educational and cultural ties, and by continuing to throw our diplomatic resources behind a settlement of the small but acrimonious Taba dispute. These objectives, along with a strengthening of the Egyptian-Israeli dimension of the Camp David Accords, merit U.S. attention more than the attempt to broker yet another deal among Jordan, Israel, and the PLO.

It would also be useful for the United States to resume a limited dialogue with the Soviet Union on the Middle East, for the simple reason that there is something to be gained by both Washington and Moscow in having a better understanding of each other's interests and intentions. Such knowledge can help avoid crises or, if crises occur, facilitate their management. Dialogue between the two powers might also take in the issue of the potential proliferation of chemical and nuclear arms in the region.

But U.S.-USSR dialogue ought not to be portrayed as more than it is, and certainly should not be translated into American support for an international conference on the Middle East. A gathering at which the key parties to the Middle East dispute would meet in order to provide cover for Israel and Jordan (with the PLO's blessing) to go off and negotiate the future of the West Bank and Gaza will never take place. A more realistic scenario would be one in which the Soviets, having resumed relations with Israel and thereby earned a right to attend, would, with Arab help, put the United States representative in the unenviable position of having to choose between distancing himself from Israel, in order to curry favor with the Arab participants, or siding with Israel at the expense of the opprobrium of the majority; in neither case are our national interests likely to be improved.

Lastly, we must expect that terrorism will continue to pose a direct threat to Western interests in the region. This would be true even if a settlement could be reached along the lines of the territory-for-peace paradigm, since certain Arab leaders would be content with nothing less than Israel's disappearance. In the absence of such a settlement, there is certain to be even more terror. Providing counterterrorist assistance to friendly governments would help here. Out of concern for self-preservation, Arab leaders can be counted on to cooperate with us despite their unhappiness at our support for Israel. But raising the salience of the terrorism issue will have its desired effect only if (as in the bombing of Libya last April) we make good on our rhetoric; a policy of bluster and inaction is worse than no policy at all.

THESE four elements—reduced involvement in schemes intended to produce a solution of the Palestinian problem, much less a comprehensive settlement of the Middle East; greater attention to the Israel-Egypt relationship; a continued but narrow dialogue with the USSR; and increased action against terrorism—will not bring peace to the Middle East. Nor will they ensure that all American interests will prosper. But they do comprise a valid approach to the region, one that will allow the United States to promote its political, economic, and strategic interests in an environment free of major conflict.

A more modest posture for the United States in the Middle East need not be permanent. We could resume a more active diplomacy—indeed, we should declare our readiness to do so—as soon as the necessary prerequisites for progress are seen to exist. As experience has shown, American diplomacy can play a crucial role in the Middle East, but only when the desire to negotiate and compromise is to be found among the local protagonists. As for when such a desire will emerge, what may be required first is a major event like the passing of Assad from the leadership of Syria, or of Arafat from the de-facto leadership of the Palestinians. In the latter case, opportunities might well develop for the emergence of a legitimate popular Palestinian leadership. Nor is it out of the question that a Palestinian state may arise, not west of the Jordan River but east, in the Hashemite kingdom of Jordan where even today Palestinians constitute a majority.

Today's facts, in short, may not be tomorrow's. The only thing that is certain now is that the Middle East is not ripe for any grand American initiatives. But this is no reason for despair. Indeed, the long-term interests of the United States, Israel, and conceivably even the Palestinians themselves might be served by a little less attention from Washington. One hopes that the current "period of reflection," declared by the Reagan administration in the wake of King Hussein's termination of his effort to create a common approach with the PLO, will be a prolonged one. We have seen what territory-for-peace can do; the time has now arrived for a different approach to the Middle East.

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Feminism, Stage Three

Michael Levin

To judge by the recent eruption of books, articles, and editorials with titles like *The Crisis of the Working Mother, The Divorce Revolution, Not as Far as You Think, Smart Women/Foolish Choices,* "The Birth Dearth," and "A Mother's Choice,"* confusion and distress have overtaken much of American womanhood. Ruth Sidel's *Women and Children Last* and Sylvia Hewlett's *A Lesser Life,*† in particular, have received a great deal of attention for the grim picture they paint of the "women's movement," and are widely perceived to mark a historic turn in that movement's concerns—away from the goal of transforming women into pseudo-men and toward a new appreciation of motherhood and children.

It is easy to see what has brought on this talk of crisis and lessened lives. Twenty years ago women were assured that psychological fulfillment and a previously unsuspected need for independence from men could be met by paid employment, or, as it was usually called, pursuing a career. Being "only" a housewife and mother was said to be a sure path to catatonia. More strident voices urged women not to have children at all, or, if it was too late for that, to place self-realization above the demands and the illusory satisfactions of family.

The contrast between those brave promises and current reality could hardly be more stark. A major reward for the 5,375,000 women with childen under six who work full time has been strain and guilt at, in Barbara Berg's words, "the excoriating interface of our two roles." From what one may observe in any playground in any major American city, this is almost an understatement. At noon, babysitters far outnumber mothers. (Nine-and-a-half million children under six, or 60 percent of all American children under six, have mothers in the part-time or full-time labor force.) In the late afternoon the mothers retake possession of their offspring, or retrieve them from day-care centers, to spend a little "quality time" before a bedtime made excessively early by the mother's need to recuperate or excessively late by the mother's inability to discipline her emotionally demanding children. Working mothers are always tired, and worried that their children will start to call the sitter "Mommy."

Then there are the single women who blazed a trail into "non-traditional" fields. Now approaching the end of their childbearing years without husbands or children or, in most cases, the career triumphs of men, many are beginning to wonder out loud if preparing legal briefs is all there is to life. This group is relatively small, but the extensive attention, not to say adulation, accorded it has ironically diminished the status of the motherhood its members now yearn for.

For their part, American men have responded to the message that they are no longer needed by giving women their independence in the form of unprecedented rates of divorce and abandonment: 1.6 million women now raise children under six with "no spouse present," in the language of the Bureau of Labor Statistics. Most of these women receive some form of public assistance (whose regulations, many economists believe, encourage men to stay away). Overall, the no-fault divorce laws now in force in most states, along with the Supreme Court's abolition of female-only alimony in *Orr* v. *Orr,* have proved financially catastrophic for women. As Lenore Weitzman has amply documented, after the average divorce the husband's standard of living rises while his ex-wife's standard of living falls dramatically.

Not only do a quarter of single mothers and their children end up below the poverty line; most of those who end up in poverty are single mothers and their children. A study prepared

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* Barbara Berg, *The Crisis of the Working Mother,* Summit, 249 pp. $16.95; Lenore Weitzman, *The Divorce Revolution,* Free Press, 504 pp., $19.95; Lynda L. Moore, ed., *Not as Far as You Think,* Lexington, 201 pp., $15.95; Ben Wattenberg *et al.,* "The Birth Dearth," *Public Opinion,* December 1985/January 1986; "A Mother's Choice," cover story, *Newsweek,* March 31, 1986. See also "What NOW?: The Women's Movement Looks Beyond 'Equality,'" *New Republic,* May 5, 1986, and "The Marriage Crunch: Too Late for Prince Charming?," cover story, *Newsweek,* June 2, 1986.

† *Women and Children Last,* Viking, 236 pp., $16.95; *A Lesser Life,* Morrow, 461 pp., $17.95.

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for the Census Bureau estimates that, had family composition remained constant throughout the 1970's, white median family income would have risen by 3 percent instead of the actual figure of .8 percent, and black median family income would have risen by 5 percent instead of *falling* 11 percent. Had the rate of family break-up not increased, there would have been 4,200,000 families below the poverty line in 1980 instead of 6,217,000; of that 2,017,000 surplus, 1,377,000 are female-headed. At the margin, in other words, over 68 percent of those becoming poor are single mothers and their children.

Almost nothing is heard about "traditional" American women—still the majority, if barely—who raise children within a family supported by the husband's wage. Yet the fact remains that families of this sort experience far lower rates of divorce, poverty, and other forms of social pathology. In short, women do best when they raise children with a hard-working man. By the test of experience, sexual egalitarians have lost the argument.

Not that anyone has stopped arguing, however. In fact, the major participants are currently embroiled in a curious dispute about who should be blamed for a series of mistakes, and in manufacturing new reasons for discredited proposals.

Sylvia Hewlett favorably contrasts the practical "social feminists" of Europe who, she says, pressed for subsidized day care and maternity leave from the beginning, with American feminists, whom she accuses of being so preoccupied with the Equal Rights Amendment and with obliterating sex roles that they forgot to care about the real needs of women. Dr. Hewlett has been roundly attacked, apparently for daring to suggest that feminists might be wrong about *anything* (and, perhaps, for her candor about the lesbianism and man- and child-hating that permeate certain feminist circles); but the particular error, if error it be, of which she accuses American feminists is not one that they have committed.

When paid employment was supposed to be good for women, and the question naturally arose of what to do with the children, American feminists proposed "the institutionalization of motherhood" (to use Jessie Bernard's phrase). In *Rethinking the Family* (1982), Barrie Thorne and Marilyn Yalom summarized what they took to be the orthodox feminist agenda:

> Maternity and paternity benefits and leaves as well as accessible and subsidized parent- and community-controlled day care, innovative work-time arrangements, shared parenting, and other non-traditional child-rearing and household arrangements.

It was this vision that propelled the Mondale-Brademas Comprehensive Child Development Act through Congress in 1971 (after which Richard Nixon vetoed it).

The issue is of far more than antiquarian interest. As it has become apparent that paid employment is not living up to its billing as the road to female happiness, the argument now is that women *must* work. Divorced and abandoned women must support themselves somehow, and declining real wages have made it impossible for one income to support a family. According to a *Newsweek* poll, 56 percent of all women who work do so for the money; the figure is presumably much higher for mothers who work. Something must be done for the children, and if Americans really cared they would institute a "national family policy."

Thus, although eloquence about the glories of paid labor has given way to eloquence about its miseries, the end remains the same—and so, for the most part, do the means. Betty Friedan, for example, announcing her willingness to "accept—rather than deny—the fact that 93 percent of American families fit patterns other than the traditional one," has called for "new responses to the conditions that are cause and effect of such change." And what, putting aside the contrived statistic on the demise of the family, are these responses to be?

> [A]lternative forms of quality child care, both center and home based, and creative development (by business, labor, and government) of . . . flextime, flexible leave policies for both sexes, job-sharing programs, dependent-care options, and part-time jobs with pro-rated pay and benefits.

It is difficult to distinguish these proposals from Dr. Hewlett's list: "pay equity," "federally-mandated partially-paid parental leave," public preschool for three-year-olds, "Public-Sector Initiatives" for child care, private-sector day care, flexible work schedules, and federally-funded health care for pregnant women and children. Ruth Sidel adds only "collective action enabling women to enter male-dominated occupations" and a much less compromising insistence on "a national system of day care and after-school care."

Now, it is generally agreed that a national day-care system should be geared to serve at least nine million children. Even strong day-care advocates urge that the ratio of children to adults not exceed 5 to 1, which means that 1,800,000 "care-givers" will have to be recruited and paid a living wage. Pegging that wage at a modest $20,000 a year (about 85 percent of what the average teacher makes) already runs the bill to $36 billion. Then there is the equipment for the hundreds of thousands of individual facilities, the administrative salaries, licensing, inspection, insurance, etc. With very moderate assumptions, total costs quickly approach $90 billion.

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Ruth Sidel is aware that "There will be those who say that we cannot afford such a program. To them I say we cannot afford to continue on our present course." (She, like Dr. Hewlett, raises the specter of public disorder if three-year-olds are not properly socialized now.) Yet even if day care and maternity leave were intrinsically unobjectionable, the persistence of these recommendations is puzzling. One would think that the goal of anyone who takes seriously the problems of the mother who must work would be to make her working unnecessary, and one way to help do so would be to increase the dependent deduction for minors on the federal income tax. This deduction is intended to allow families to retain income sufficient to raise their children. In 1948 it was $600; it is now $1,080. Had it risen with inflation—and it costs just as much today to raise a child as it did in 1948—the deduction would be about $4,500 more. As the average marginal tax rate is 25 percent, raising the deduction to match inflation would lower the tax bill on the average family by $1,125 per child—*and* end up costing the government less than national day care. Yet this is a proposal which advocates of "national family policy" pass over in silence, though it is surely more sensible to let people spend their own money on the day-care facilities they need, or stay home with their children and buy groceries with the money, than to spend it for them on the same thing with all the overhead attendant on bureaucratic transfer.

Or consider the argument that women must work because a single wage no longer suffices to support a family. It is true that average weekly gross earnings fell from $189 in 1977 to $173 in 1984 (in constant 1977 dollars); no doubt, too, expectations are higher today, and for many there are new expenses perceived as necessities (such as private school for parents who find the public schools unacceptable). But wages are not doomed to fall; in 1955, let us remember, average gross earnings were only $153. An increase in husbands' earnings is known to lower the labor-force participation of women and increase marital stability. Would not a curb on inflation and a rise in real wages solve a big part of the "feminization of poverty"?

Dr. Hewlett is alone among family-policy advocates in even considering this topic:

> In May 1983 I interviewed Faith Whittlesey at the White House. At that time she was assistant to the President for public liaison and dealt with policies toward women and children. . . . She told me that Ronald Reagan was tremendously concerned about the care and nurturing of children and that he did in fact have a policy in this area. The policy was to lick inflation and encourage the economy to grow so that men could once more earn a family wage.

Dr. Hewlett, an economist by training, professes puzzlement at this idea and sets forth the following objection to it:

> The odd thing is that Reagan himself grew up in the 20's and had a working mother; she worked in a dress shop for $14 a week in order to help out with the precarious family finances. You might imagine he would relate to the difficulties faced by contemporary working mothers. Instead, he clings to a vision of motherhood 50's-style which did not exist in the 1920's and does not exist today.

There follows a grotesque caricature of what the 50's supposedly represented motherhood to be. Such evasive maneuvers strongly suggest that, like the radical egalitarians she is allegedly criticizing, Dr. Hewlett does not *want* the problems of women to be solved except in ways which facilitate their working.

THE main argument by which family-policy advocates attempt to reinforce the "need" for mothers to work, and to rebut the countercharge that subsidized day care is too expensive and/or may harm children, is to invoke the example of Sweden, where most mothers work, most children spend most of their time in government-run crèches, and 90 percent-paid parental leave is mandatory. (The example of the Soviet Union, which has also socialized child care, is less frequently invoked. Israel, where the egalitarian experiment has failed, is not mentioned at all.)

One crucial difference between the American situation and Sweden, however, is that the Swedish government was not responding to any prior need; the Swedish experiment was part of a conscious decision made by the Labor party in the mid-1960's to implement the full feminist program of obliterating sex roles. It was to encourage women to work that crèches and maternity leave were established in the first place. The costliness of these and allied measures then raised taxes so high—the Swedish government currently consumes over 70 percent of the nation's GNP—that one income no longer sufficed to support a family. Sweden took advantage of the situation by abolishing the joint tax return in 1971, making the marginal tax rate on any extra income the husband might earn prohibitively high, and effectively forcing a non-working wife to seek employment, in a (relatively) lower tax bracket. Swedish women are thus working to finance the facilities that allow them to work. While nothing so drastic is likely to happen in the U.S., this tale does illustrate how governmental steps to create the "option" of work outside the home tend at the same time to create incentives to work, and are thus not neutral.

The Swedish experiment is too new for its full effect on the generation of Swedes currently growing up to have been measured longitudinally, but

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certain trends have already emerged. Marriage is becoming a thing of the past. The cohabitation rate has risen from 1 percent in 1960 to 30 percent. Almost as many conceptions result in abortions or illegitimate births as in live legitimate births. Most significantly, the Swedish birth rate, like that of other Scandinavian countries committed to sexual equality, has fallen far below replacement. The average pair of Swedes is producing only 1.5 new Swedes, about the same rate as in Germany; in Denmark, the rate is 1.4.

A birth rate this low—replacement is 2.1 offspring per woman—is a consequence of biology and arithmetic. It takes a woman nine months to have a baby; she will normally wish to spend at least three years with her child before sending it off somewhere, and it is considered advisable to space pregnancies by no lesser an interval. Therefore, a woman who has three children will typically spend at least a decade of her most energetic years in maternal pursuits; conversely, the practical limit on the number of children that can be born to a woman pursuing a career has been found to be two. We need not think of a low birth rate as a symptom of some deeper malaise to see that a society which encourages its women to work away from home to anything like the extent men do will eventually disappear.*

The long-term effects of institutional child-rearing are unclear. Its advocates have recently announced the discovery that day care actually benefits children by offering them "alternative role models," and that a child raised institutionally need not be emotionally deprived if he receives sufficient love and attention. That is the sort of thing known as a mighty big if. Clinicians are unanimous that a child needs the attention of his mother for at least his first year, and continuity in his personal caretaker for at least his first three years, if he is to have the best chance for satisfactory personal relations later in life. These inconvenient truths irritate Dr. Hewlett, since they "would rule out a job for most women. . . . What [working women with children under one] need is decent maternity leave and high-quality child care, not another guilt trip." Surely, however, since the large-scale rearing of children by strangers is new to human history, it would be prudent to place on its advocates the onus of proving that it does no harm. It is not enough to intone "day care, day care," and thereupon consign to it the most valuable things anyone will ever possess.

It is becoming an intellectual commonplace that social institutions cannot be understood apart from the biological sources of human behavior. It is no more possible to explain what creates and sustains a society in terms of that society itself than it is to explain how a clock keeps time by positing another clock inside it. By the same token, social norms and government actions based on ignorance of human nature are doomed to be irrelevant or positively mischievous.

Those who take seriously the innateness of sex differences could have predicted (and in many cases did predict) the woes besetting women liberated wholly or partly from motherhood and marriage. Women have not risen as high in business or government as they were supposed to do, not because of discrimination but because they have not wanted to rise as badly as men. It is generally the career woman with children, rather than her husband, who diverts energy toward the children—because she is the one with the more intense desire to do so. Those women who have reached the top experience abnormal rates of divorce, childlessness, and spinsterhood because, like other women, they are attracted to men of status higher than their own, and far up the ladder such men are rare (and these men can select mates from the much wider range of women of lower status). Children impair a divorced mother's earning ability not merely because having them interrupts the accumulation of working skills, but because, unlike a man who wins custody and is psychologically capable of hiring a nanny and getting on with his work, a mother cannot easily put her children out of her mind. These impulses, besides being self-evident, all make perfect sense from the point of view of evolutionary biology.

In following the family-policy literature, one is repeatedly struck by the completeness with which it has absorbed the basic errors of the sexual egalitarianism it is said to have transcended. The first error is the assumption that the female traits which are causing all the trouble are learned by socialization, and can be unlearned. Ruth Sidel deplores "the continuing socialization of women to perceive themselves as dependent." For Barbara Berg, the guilt experienced by mothers who spend too little time with their children is not a response to a nurturant drive gone unheeded but to

> the decision to be different from our mothers, to choose a different lifestyle, to challenge her values, attitudes, child-rearing practices—this appears to conflict with what we learned from our mother, with her standards of mothering, which are also ours.

Her solution is correspondingly superficial: "streamline the family chores, . . . hire as much help as [you can] afford. . . . Exercise—biking, dancing, jogging—are all good for stress manage-

* On these grounds alone it is hard to understand the appeal of a system of values which guarantees the end of any society that embraces it. Yet it certainly continues to exercise an appeal, even to those, like Ben Wattenberg, aware of and worried about the falling birth rate. Wattenberg wants there to be more children, but he also wants to preserve the triumphs of feminism. His solution to the birth dearth: parental leave and day care.

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ment, and they have the added advantage of keeping you in shape."

At a deeper level, while the family-policy literature catalogues with bitter relish all the trials of motherhood-on-the-run, it expresses little joy in motherhood itself, and has no praise whatever for the male protective role, the natural complement of the mother's need for protection. Not only does family policy begin with the mother who must be eased back into the workforce after her man has left her (the task of keeping him at home in the first place being treated as mission impossible), but its call for teaching young girls "realism" about the unreliability of men often lapses into open hostility toward male protective impulses. During the 1981 congressional hearings on "Sex Equity in Vocational Education," Carol Jabonaski explained the problem:

> We are beginning to see that younger female students are recognizing the fact that they do have to work and they are beginning to plan for those careers. . . . The young males, however, are still seeing themselves as the sole breadwinner and that the females will be at home. That presents a conflict. . . . These conflicts are there and no one has helped to train them or to let them understand that it is OK to have an alternative lifestyle. All of that area still needs to be addressed.

"A wife is only a divorce away from welfare," goes the slogan, and most family-policy advocates do not want anyone to forget it.

But the fundamental error retained from feminist egalitarianism is the idea that the elements of a satisfying life are ultimately the same for women and men. Despite the to-do accompanying the recent discovery that women have maternal impulses—which was never doubted for a second by anyone but sexual egalitarians—it has yet to be grasped that these impulses weaken the drive for extra-familial achievement so evident in men.

The female as currently conceived is literally too good to be true, possessed of female needs superimposed on male aspirations. Because, in Dr. Sidel's words, "The opportunity to work at a job that offers some measure of dignity, security, and respect—with rewardable recompense—is a fundamental right of both women *and* men, as well as the foundation of a meaningful family policy," the best female life is taken to revolve around a fulfilling job, paid maternity leave, then back to the 9-to-5 challenge. The wife is to be secure in the knowledge that her child is being cared for by a licensed, federally-inspected caregiver, just as men once went off to work secure in the knowledge that their children were being well cared for by their wives. In the end, Dr. Hewlett and others acknowledge the physical impossibility or difficulty of returning to work only for the period immediately after giving birth. Motherhood remains an obstacle to be circumvented.

For two decades now, Western society has reserved its highest praise for atypical women, indirectly encouraging all women to judge themselves by and pursue standards they are unlikely to meet, and to judge motherhood, which virtually all women can succeed at, as of little intrinsic worth. It was inevitable that the "status of women" should fall in a world of firepersons and affirmative-action astronauts. The conditions under which the typical male and female drives evolved may no longer be present, but our genes have yet to receive the message. Meanwhile, despite changes in the rhetoric of the women's movement in speaking of motherhood, the pressure for collectivized child-rearing continues.

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In Berlin Again

Lucy S. Dawidowicz

IN OCTOBER 1985 I went to Berlin for the third time in my life.

My first visit, on Sunday, August 27, 1939, had lasted barely two hours. I had arrived by train from Warsaw and was en route to Copenhagen. The date was not notable or memorable, except that it happened to be just four days after Vyacheslav Molotov and Joachim von Ribbentrop, to the shock of the whole world, had signed a nonaggression pact between the Soviet Union and National Socialist Germany. No one knew it then, but only four days later the Germans would invade Poland.

My train pulled into the Schlesischer Bahnhof. Cannons were mounted at the entrance to the station, trained on the tracks. Everywhere within sight was an endless sea of soldiers and Nazi flags, with the equipage of war—cavalry, tanks, cannons—rising like heavy swells above the human tide. My taxi had to inch its way to reach the Stattner station on the other side of Berlin.

Notwithstanding the protection of my American passport and the bravado of youth, I was frightened by the massive German military presence. The atmosphere was thick with swagger, bluster, and bullying. Despair tempered my rage against the Germans. One did not need to be a political expert to know that war was inevitable, or a military expert to know that Poland was no match for Germany.

Those two hours in Berlin were my only firsthand encounter with National Socialist Germany.

The second time I came to Berlin was in February 1947. Now I wore an American Army uniform whose blue-and-white chevrons with the letters AJDC identified me as an officer with the American Joint Distribution Committee, the leading Jewish relief organization. The JDC then operated in the American and British zones of occupied Germany under the aegis of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Agency (UNRRA). Its task was to care for the Jewish displaced persons, the survivors of Hitler's war against the Jews.

Berlin was not my regular station, but JDC business took me there. As everywhere in Germany, I photographed with grim satisfaction the ruins and wreckage that survived as monuments to Hitler's Thousand Year Reich. It was especially gladdening to me to photograph Berlin, for the devastation there had been even more massive than in Frankfurt or Munich. The rage against the Germans which agitated every fiber in my body was released at the felicific vistas of burned-out hulks of buildings, tottering skeletons of houses, the shards and rubble to which the Third Reich had been reduced.

My work for JDC often brought me into contact with Germans, from whom I needed to get services and materials so that we could provide the necessary educational and cultural supplies to the Jewish survivors. As if on cue, every German I encountered, without exception, in an unvarying and predictable routine, volunteered that he knew nothing about the murder of the Jews. All swore innocence; none had ever been a National Socialist. They were as craven in defeat as they had been insolent in victory. I liked to watch them scrounge and scramble for cast-off American cigarette butts.

AT THE END of 1947, when I had completed my service with the JDC, I returned home to New York. I never again visited Germany until this past October. For forty years I had never bought German products. Some people I knew still believed in the existence of that "other" Germany, the Germany of Goethe, Schiller, Kant, and Bach. But for me there was only one—the Germany of Hitler, Himmler, and Heydrich, the Germany that had conceived, planned, organized, and carried out the systematic murder of six million European Jews, the Germany that had turned Europe into a vast Jewish necropolis.

Why, then, did I return to Berlin almost forty years later?

The occasion was a scholarly conference about the life of the Jews in National Socialist Germany in the years between 1933 and 1939. It was organized by the Leo Baeck Institute (LBI), which in the thirty years of its existence has dedicated itself to preserving, through research and publication, the historical past of German-speaking Jewry. By traveling to Berlin for its first public and collec-

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tive appearance in Germany, the LBI hoped to tell the Germans how the Jewish community had responded to the persecution which the German dictatorship had unloosed against it. This return of the Jewish exiles, refugees, and survivors of National Socialist Germany to confront the Germans with that terrible past seemed to me a momentous occasion, a minidrama of Jewish history. And so I was disposed to have a part in it, at least as a witness.

Yet the very thought of returning to Germany unnerved me. I feared that spoken German would grate on my ears with the resonance of Nazi-*Deutsch*. I feared I would encounter Germans old enough to have been Nazi party members, to have relished the anti-Semitic propaganda in the *Völkischer Beobachter* and *Der Stürmer*, to have set a torch to a Jewish synagogue in 1938, to have volunteered for action in an *Einsatzgruppe* to murder Jews in Eastern Europe, to have joined an SS Death's-Head unit administering Zyklon B in a death camp.

A young friend, no doubt disapproving of my indecisiveness, suggested that I was mired in the past, unresponsive to contemporary realities. "Why not take a look at Berlin today?" he asked. "It stands at the center of Europe, at the crossroads of East and West." And so I decided to go, to try to see the place not only through the lens of the past, but for what it is today.

LONG before I set foot in Berlin I was preoccupied by the problem of reconciling past and present. How could I be an objective observer in the land of the murderers of the Jews? Could I ever forget that wherever I walked, I trod on ashes?

Unexpectedly, West Berlin's cityscape came to my aid. Right after I checked in to my hotel I went to have a look at downtown Berlin. I walked to the Kurfürstendamm, that broad boulevard with its department stores, boutiques, movie houses, pubs, cafés displaying an abundance of pastries. It was a gloomy overcast Sunday afternoon, with a chill in the air, yet the street was alive with people, noisy with traffic and human voices, bright with lights and the glare of neon advertisements atop the buildings. Nearly everything looked contemporary, built of steel and glass, shiny and glittery.

Unlike other European cities, West Berlin offers few relics of its historical past for the sightseer to explore. The extensive Allied bombings, beginning in 1940 in retaliation for the London blitz and accelerating thereafter into the major strikes in February 1945, destroyed much of the center. Then came the intensive Soviet artillery barrages, followed by street-by-street fighting, which reduced much of what is now West Berlin to a vast stretch of rubble. Even the trees are postwar plantings, for the Battle of Berlin left the earth parched and scorched. As West Berlin was being rebuilt, many rickety structures of earlier times were bulldozed out of existence.

The division of the city between East and West further contributed to the erasing of the architectural past. In August 1961, in response to the massive flight of Germans from the East, the Communists erected the infamous 29-mile-long wall along the boundary lines, with its few heavily guarded crossing points. The construction of the wall soon brought changes also in the landscape on the western side. Many old buildings near the wall were torn down and on their site several spectacular buildings have been erected that form an emerging cultural center.

Back on the Kurfürstendamm, the flow of vehicular traffic was ceaseless. The sidewalks were crowded with promenaders, window-shoppers, girl-watchers, mostly young people strolling in couples or in small groups. They were, from their appearance, a varied lot—sporting fur coats or leather jackets, punk hair styles or cropped cuts, boots or high heels, jeans or heavy winter skirts. Following them, eavesdropping, I felt like a voyeur.

What I expected to see or hear I can't now imagine. But it was the youthfulness of the crowds that disconcerted and even disoriented me. These were not the Germans I had expected to confront. All of them were obviously born after 1945 and most were probably born after the Berlin Wall was erected. They were ordinary young people, too young to be charged with the burden of Germany's terrible history. They were not the ghosts of the Nazi past.

Perhaps it is only in Berlin that one gets this sense of discontinuity. There, indeed, it is nothing new. As far back as 1821 Heine wrote that it was very difficult to see ghosts in Berlin: "The town contains so little of old days, and it is so new. . . ." So little has remained of many old neighborhoods that one hears the same anecdotes repeated time and again about exiles and refugees who have returned to Berlin to look for their childhood homes and cannot find them. Sometimes even the streets have changed beyond recognition or even disappeared.

Still, there are buildings that have remained intact, that go back even before World War I. They are massive, solidly constructed, with exterior architectural ornaments of the kind that builders can no longer afford. The windows are high and wide, bespeaking spacious high-ceilinged apartments. Walking on such a street, I heard a piano being played. Suddenly I felt the presence of ghosts. I imagined that once upon a time, a prosperous Jewish family lived there. I could see the heavy Biedermeier furniture, the large dining-room table, the china closet with its fine pieces, the dark velvet drapes and portières. In the parlor, at the piano, the teenage daughter of the

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household, a Shulamith with dark braids and a white pinafore, was practicing her scales.

Who lives in that house now and whose golden-haired daughter Margarete practices her scales there now? Who appropriated the furniture, the piano, and the household effects after the Jewish owners were deported? Antique dealers in Berlin, so I was told, are now buying up the backlog of stolen Jewish property that had been stashed away for decades, and are said to be getting good prices for old prints, fine art, silver, china, and porcelain figurines.

Among West Berlin's surviving remnants, mute testimony to worse times gone by, surely the most dramatic is what is left of the old Kaiser-Wilhelm-Gedächtniskirche (Kaiser Wilhelm's Memorial Church) just off the Kurfürstendamm on Breitscheidplatz. A neo-Romanesque church built in 1895 to memorialize Wilhelm I, it is now a hollow shell, its once proud tower a broken stump. The Berliners decided to preserve this ruin as a memorial to the havoc and horror of war. What Germans think, as they strain to penetrate the darkness of the gutted church, I don't know. Perhaps they reflect bitterly on the Allied bombing—or perhaps, remembering the past or what they learned of the past, they ponder the destruction which National Socialist Germany unloosed on all Europe.

But when one enters the *new* Kaiser-Wilhelm-Gedächtniskirche, an austerely modern octagonal structure, erected alongside the old one, there is no doubting what one remembers and on what one meditates. On the back wall, to the left of the entrance, is a 13th-century Spanish sculpture of the Crucifixion, spare and sorrowful. It is dedicated "To the Evangelical Martyrs: In the Years 1933-1945."

THE next day I went sightseeing. My guide was a *Gymnasium* teacher of history and literature, a young German from the Rhineland, obsessed with the history of his people, with the Nazi past. He takes his students to visit the synagogue on Pestalozzistrasse, which was destroyed in November 1938 but has since been restored. He shows them the sights he showed me.

Our first stop was in suburban Berlin, long a fashionable lakeside resort with lovely beaches and promenades. It is still an elegant neighborhood. We stopped on a quiet street, Am Grossen Wannsee, where the privacy of the houses and their fine grounds is secured by stone walls and iron gates. The day was gray and drizzly; the street was strewn with fallen yellow leaves. No one was about. At No. 56-58 we read the memorial plaque embedded in the exterior wall:

In diesem Haus fand im Januar 1942 die berücktigte Wannsee-Konferenz statt.

Dem Gedenken der durch Nationalsozialistische Gewaltherrschaft umgekommenen Jüdische Mitmenschen.

[In this building in January 1942 the infamous Wannsee Conference took place.

In memory of Jewish fellowmen murdered by National Socialist despotism.]

Here, in this secluded villa, once known as the Polizei-Palais, Reinhard Heydrich, second to Heinrich Himmler in the SS, convened the Wannsee Conference. They were altogether fifteen at this meeting, counting Heydrich and his assistant Adolf Eichmann, and they represented the second-command level of the state ministries and of the Nazi party's ideological and killing apparatus. The main item on the agenda was how to coordinate the efforts of the various agencies involved in carrying out the murder of the Jews. They did not call it murder; they used the code name, "The Final Solution of the Jewish Question." The meeting lasted less than two hours, after which drinks and lunch were served.

The minutes of that meeting, which Eichmann prepared, were found among the mountains of documents retrieved by the Allies from the rubble of the Third Reich. Those minutes were used by the prosecution in the trial of the major German war criminals in Nuremberg and later at Eichmann's trial in Jerusalem. They were vital evidence in the effort to document how Hitler's Germany had planned, organized, and carried out the murder of the Jews.

Nowadays the building at Am Grossen Wannsee 56-58 is used for more beneficent purposes, but the gate was locked and no one answered the bell. All we could do was look through the iron grates. The house was set back about a hundred feet from the gate, but its porticoed entrance was clearly visible at the end of an arbored driveway. It was elegant and serene, enshrouded in silence. I visualized the sleek black limousines driving in, the chauffeurs opening the car doors for their prestigious passengers, saluting. I pictured the conferees emerging from the cars, stiff and erect in their black uniforms and polished boots, walking toward the portico. There, I suppose, Eichmann stood, waiting to greet his guests.

It was an eerie exercise in imagination, for this quiet house betrayed no sign of the evil function it once served. It was merely a building whose appearance was incongruous with its history. It was no memorial site for the six million murdered Jews, nor was it haunted by their ghosts. Like the tormented dead of ancient legends, the six million never rest in any one place, but are present everywhere the record of history is preserved.

Later we went to Levetzowstrasse, at the corner of Jagowstrasse, in Moabit, a middle-class

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residential neighborhood that reminded me of streets in Queens in New York City. Jews had lived in this section of Berlin and at this corner the Levetzowstrasse synagogue once stood. It had been burned during the *Kristallnacht* pogrom in November 1938, but in 1941 it served as a *Sammellager,* an assembly camp, from which the Jews of Berlin were deported. In October 1941, when they began to be rounded up, they were brought here, to Levetzowstrasse. From this assembly camp they were taken to the Moabit railroad station just nearby. The trains then brought them to the ghettos of Lodz, Riga, and Minsk. In 1942, when the gassing facilities at Auschwitz had been put into operation, the train transports went directly to the camp. In time, additional assembly points were set up in other places in Berlin. Altogether, 63 death transports left from Berlin with over 35,000 Jews.

A playground now occupies the site of the Levetzowstrasse synagogue, but a plaque has been erected which memorializes the synagogue's destruction and the deportation of the Jews. At the Grünewald railroad station, another place from which Berlin Jews were deported, there is also a memorial tablet.

Afterward we went to Gedenkstätte Plötzensee, a prison and place of execution in northwest Berlin, now a somewhat macabre museum and also a memorial "To the Victims of the Hitler Dictatorship in the Years 1933-1945." Here about 2,500 Berliners were hanged, some because a neighbor informed police that they had listened to forbidden Allied broadcasts, others because they had belonged to underground resistance groups, still others because they had participated in the failed assassination attempt against Hitler on July 20, 1944. Busloads of schoolchildren are regularly brought here to study the documents on exhibit—the charges and verdicts of the *Volksgericht* (People's Court)—and to gape at the execution chamber. Plötzensee is also on the itinerary of Berlin tour buses.

To tell Plötzensee's ugly history, the Berlin Information Center has produced a 32-page illustrated brochure in German, French, English, Spanish, and Turkish (for the substantial Turkish segment of Germany's foreign workers). Answering its own question—"Do we really want to know this today?"—the brochure refers to the horrible deeds committed by the SS. To illustrate, it cites the following passage from Himmler's speech to his top SS officers on October 4, 1943, surely one of the most grisly texts in the annals of National Socialist Germany:

> I also want to make reference before you here, in complete frankness, to a really grave matter. Among ourselves, this once, it shall be uttered quite frankly; but in public we will never speak of it. . . . I am referring to the evacuation of the Jews, the annihilation of the Jewish people. This is one of those things that are easily said. "The Jewish people is going to be annihilated," says every party member. "Sure, it's in our program, elimination of the Jews, annihilation—we'll take care of it." And then they all come trudging, 80 million worthy Germans, and each one has his one decent Jew. Sure, the others are swine, but this one is an A-1 Jew. Of all those who talk this way, not one has seen it happen, not one has been through it. Most of you must know what it means to see a hundred corpses lie side by side, or five hundred, or a thousand. To have stuck this out and—excepting cases of human weakness—to have kept our integrity, that is what has made us hard. In our history, this is an unwritten and never-to-be-written page of glory. . . .

THAT evening the LBI opened its conference at the Otto-Braun-Saal of the Staatsbibliothek, an attractive auditorium in Berlin's architecturally stunning public research library. Many of the nearly 500 seats were occupied by West Berlin's political dignitaries and notable intellectuals. The press and the TV cameras swarmed over the hall, especially to cover Helmut Kohl, Chancellor of the Federal Republic, who was to address the conference. After the blunders of Bitburg in May 1985, his speech was awaited with curiosity, apprehension, and even hostility.

This time, the Chancellor committed no blunders. Speaking in a low-keyed colorless drone that is, so I was told, his habitual form of address, he delivered a talk that was right and fitting. It may be said that he wanted to exploit this opportunity to speak to a Jewish audience, but with barely 5,000 Jews in West Berlin and fewer than 30,000 in all of West Germany, Kohl has no Jewish constituency to appeal to. He was in fact addressing not only the Jews in the hall but, through the television cameras and the press, his countrymen.

He began by welcoming the LBI's decision to meet in Berlin, and then he said:

> Never can we undo the injustice and evil of the past. But we can, we must, and we want to ponder it—what happened, how it came to happen, and how we must try to master it. And from this we must draw a lesson for the future.

He then unfolded a minihistory of National Socialist Germany's assault against the Jews, starting with the boycott of Jewish businesses on April 1, 1933, and continuing date by date, episode by episode, to the terrible end. It was an elementary lesson in history, unimaginative, unreflective, impersonal. When he completed his mournful chronicle, he said: "We are ashamed as Germans, because the National Socialist crimes were committed in the German name. We are ashamed as human beings. . . ." Kohl's talk was carried by all

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German television stations and reported in the press all over Germany.*

To be sure, the passages I have quoted have the ring of ceremonial public rhetoric, of a kind to which no weight is given, especially not in a nation founded by Otto von Bismarck, who once declared that "the great questions of the time are not decided by speeches and majority decisions . . . but by iron and blood." Nevertheless, public rhetoric reflects political reality and civic values. Even in Weimar, no political leader would have ventured publicly to come to the defense of the Jews.

Later in the week, after the conference had ended, I continued my tour of Berlin. I began with an exhibition at the Staatsbibliothek, co-sponsored with the LBI, "In the Catacombs: Jewish Publishers in Germany, 1933-1938." Mounted by the Deutsche Literaturarchiv of Marburg, largely from its own holdings, the exhibit depicted how Jewish publishers coped with the restrictions and limitations which the Nazis imposed on them. The glass cases displaying the Jewish books, journals, and papers issued in those terrible times, with photographs of the publishers, their authors, and accompanying documents, formed a wide circle around the large room. On the walls themselves were hung reproductions of the contemporary German press, with its virulent and still-intimidating anti-Semitic headlines, some of them in heavy red ink, and poster-sized enlargements of official National Socialist laws and regulations against the Jewish community, and especially against Jewish publishers and writers. The very arrangement—the wall displays surrounding, encircling the glass cases—conveyed the sense of siege under which Jewish publishers and writers lived and worked in National Socialist Germany so long as they were permitted to live.

Afterward I explored the spacious Staatsbibliothek. I looked up my name in the catalogue and found several of my books, including the original English and the German translation of *The War Against the Jews 1933-1945*. I looked up other Jewish historians. Their works were all in the library. Then I came upon the exhibition room of the Mendelssohn Archive, which, I learned, is a collection on which the Staatsbibliothek's Music Department especially prides itself. The archive includes not only the compositions and papers of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, but also documents, art work, and artifacts of the whole Mendelssohn family, going back to Felix's grandfather, Moses Mendelssohn. In 1979, on the occasion of the 250th anniversary of his birth, the Staatsbibliothek had mounted an impressive exhibit, "Moses Mendelssohn: His Life and Work," whose catalogue is still in print.

From the Staatsbibliothek I walked to the Reichstag. The route goes along the Berlin Wall, from Potsdamer Platz past the Brandenburg Gate, on Ebertstrasse, named for the first president of the German republic. Since the Communists first erected the Wall in 1961, they have massively reinforced it. The Wall's function is not to keep Westerners out of East Berlin but to lock the Easterners in. In this respect it is now virtually unassailable, standing 13 feet high, topped by oversize concrete tubing whose diameter is much too wide for any handhold. Behind the wall lies a 160-foot no-man's-land of concrete and grassy plots. It is not entirely a wasteland, for it is enlivened, so to speak, by watchtowers, tank traps, patrol dogs, searchlights, and a 16-foot-deep ditch. To ensure that the Wall is escape-proof, the eastern side of the no-man's-land is further secured by an electrified fence.

In contrast to the watchtowers and armed guards on the eastern side, the West Berlin authorities have provided on their side observation platforms for tourists who want to look over the Wall into East Berlin. Kiosks at Potsdamer Platz sell postcards and souvenirs of the Wall. Wherever it is accessible, the west side of the Wall is scribbled with graffiti, some of them like the graffiti in the New York subways, but some political—*Weg mit dem roten Nazi-Regime* ("Away with the red Nazi regime"); *Wer Mauer, hat's not* ("Who builds a wall, must need one"). In my walk I passed an enormous graffito in red paint, each letter about 3 feet high, immortalizing John F. Kennedy's declamation, *"Ich bin ein Berliner."* At several places simple memorials—wooden crosses, plaques, floral wreaths—marked the sites where people trying to flee from the East had been shot down. Since the Wall was first erected, 72 persons have been killed by the Communists for attempting to escape the prison that is East Germany.

The Reichstag stands literally with its back to the Wall, between Scheidemannstrasse, named for the first Chancellor of the Weimar Republic, and the Spree, whose western bank demarcates the East-West border. One of Berlin's most imposing buildings, the Reichstag was first damaged in the fire of February 27, 1933, when its large assembly hall was gutted and its glass dome shattered. That fire, whose origins are still disputed by historians, gave Hitler's cabinet the excuse to impose emergency decrees suspending all the basic liberties which the Weimar constitution had guaranteed. When the Reichstag finally convened on March 23, 1933, it was in the Kroll Opera House, and there the Enabling Act was passed that gave Hitler the power to issue emergency legislation with-

* As far as I know, except for a brief piece I wrote for the *Wall Street Journal*, no American newspapers carried an account of these proceedings, nor did any Jewish press service here, in England, or in Israel.

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out recourse to the legislature. Hitler thereafter had little use for the Reichstag building.

During the Battle of Berlin in 1945, the Reichstag, at the very center of the shelling and fighting, was devastated. Its restoration began in 1957 and was completed in 1971. Except for the glass dome, which was not replaced, the exterior now looks as it did in 1894. Inside, however, except for assembly halls and conference rooms used occasionally by some ministries and legislative groups, the Reichstag has been converted into an enormous permanent exhibit entitled *"Fragen an die deutsche Geschichte"* ("Questions Put to German History"), which first opened in 1974. Since then, about 640,000 persons have visited the exhibit every year.

The exhibit combines the latest in audio-visual technology, stylish graphics, photography, and old-fashioned historical materials—dates, names, facts, statistics—to offer a survey course in German history from 1800 until the present. I chose to look at only two of the seven chronological sections—"The Weimar Republic: 1919-1933" and "The Third Reich: 1933-1945."

No museum show has ever gripped me so. Walking from one display to the next, I felt entrapped in a history which I was compelled to reexperience. Drawn into the maelstrom of that history, I moved from one display to the next as the past unfolded before my eyes with relentless inevitability. At times I was possessed by a surreal desire to stop the course of events, to turn it back, or freeze it where it was. But I continued on, a sleepwalker in the toils of a nightmare. I witnessed the unraveling of the Weimar Republic, the rise of the National Socialist party, the collapse of democracy, the mounting violence, the terror, the inexorable anti-Semitism.

The fate of the Jews ran as a thread through the exhibit—photographs, placards, charts. Then I came to a display with an enormous six-pointed yellow star superimposed on a map of Europe. It gave the statistics of the annihilation of the European Jews, country by country, totaling five-to-six million. The catalogue for the exhibit, 456 pages of texts, photographs, documents, diagrams, and maps, contained comparable material. One passage explained that the murder of the Jews, "like the attainment of *Lebensraum* for the 'German master race,' was an ultimate professed war aim."

Then I approached what seemed to be a cave, barely illuminated by the images on a small television screen. People leaned against the walls or sat on the floor in front of the screen. An unseen voice provided the running historical commentary for newsfilm clips of the Hitler era. As I entered, the speaker was describing the anti-Jewish program of the Hitler regime—the exclusion of the Jews from the civil service, the Nuremberg laws, *Kristallnacht*. The screen showed the synagogues of Germany going up in flames. The voice intoned these words: *"Und dann kommt der Krieg. Es war auch ein Krieg gegen die Juden"* ("And then came the war. It was also a war against the Jews").

The images continued to flicker on the screen, but I could no longer see them. My eyes were blurred by tears. I went out to find a corner where I might try to control myself but a wave of hysteria swept over me. The old rage returned. The six million Jewish dead could not be restored to life. No atonement was commensurate with the crime.

BACK in the hotel, after my emotion had abated, I tried to sort out my feelings. The exhibit had released the tension building within me ever since I had arrived in Berlin. Though I knew and had long known that the National Socialist regime expired in the rubble which I so happily photographed in Berlin nearly forty years earlier, contemporary Germany nevertheless had no real presence for me, for my consciousness of Germany as National Socialist Germany totally preempted any other idea. What knowledge of postwar Germany I had accumulated over the years remained stored in a remote corner of my brain, unassimilated, undigested. No wonder I was discomposed by the acknowledgments of shame and guilt which I had encountered in public places and on public occasions.

I felt like a morbid Rip Van Winkle, awakened to a reality I had slept through all these years. Could I have really supposed that the Berlin of 1985 was a continuation of the Berlin of 1935? Could I have thought that the Germans on the street were the same Germans who had jeered at Jews on the streets of Berlin in 1938? Of course I did not believe that Germans were a killer species among the nations of the world, like the killer whale among mammals, a race whose murderous instincts were inbred and immutable, who killed and would always kill. (This is in fact what many Frenchmen used to think, as John Colville notes in his recently published wartime diaries, *The Fringes of Power*.) Yet though I did not believe in inborn German murderousness, I knew that German anti-Semitism had been an integral part of German society and its culture for centuries. I was skeptical that in my lifetime it could be eradicated.

There was another reason why I resisted the reality of contemporary Germany. Would not an acknowledgment that Nazi Germany is now a closed chapter in history mean, or be taken to mean, that the murder of the six million European Jews is similarly a closed chapter, to be stored away in the historical file cabinet? Does not such an admission sanction the lapse of memory into forgetfulness? But the parallel, I soon real-

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ized, was misleading, for the place of Nazi Germany in history is not the same as the place of the murder of the European Jews. One belongs to a transient past, the other to an enduring past.

Hitler's Germany lasted twelve years. It came into existence on January 30, 1933, supplanting the Weimar Republic, which then was relegated to the annals of the past. It, in turn, was supplanted by the two postwar Germanies. The entire edifice of National Socialist Germany, with all its political, social, and cultural institutions, disintegrated into the dust of the past. Except for the murder of the European Jews, Nazi Germany left no lasting heritage.

The perpetration of the murder of the six million European Jews occupied an even shorter stretch of time than the twelve years of Hitler's Germany, yet, as an event in history, it has no *terminus ad quem*. It did not cease to exist as a historical and moral reality, even when the killing ceased, nor was it supplanted by anything else. Its historicity belongs to the timeless present, like any fundamental scientific truth. One might say that the murder of the European Jews is forever lodged in history's throat. The murder of the European Jews may be compared to the destruction by the ancient Romans of the Temple in Jerusalem—both are historical events that have not receded into the past but continue to remain alive in human, and especially Jewish, consciousness—while the Hitler regime may be likened to the reign of Titus, a historical event that belongs only to the domain of the past.

YET even conceding the pastness of Nazi Germany, how are we to resolve our nagging doubts about the survival, in other forms, of Nazism in Germany today? What of the former citizens of Hitler's Reich who are still what they once were—nationalists, militarists, racists, anti-Semites, who have not renounced their old ideas, prejudices, and habits? What influence have they had on their children and grandchildren? What potential do they provide for the reemergence of a murderous Germany?

For an answer we must turn once more to history, to chart the course of events in Germany over the last forty years. By looking backward from today to April 1945, when National Socialist Germany collapsed, we may hope to discern whether and to what degree Germany has changed from what it was.

Back in the 1950's, even into the 1960's, no one could yet tell whether Germany's collapse in 1945 had brought an end as well to those characteristics of German society that had shaped its politics and governments for over a century. Like many people I knew, I had little confidence that the short term would bring a lasting change. I used closely to scrutinize every anti-Semitic incident reported from Germany, to examine every utterance as if under a magnifying glass, in search of signs of that deadly disease which had caused the murder of six million Jews. But the longer perspective of forty years has made it easier to see that the great disjuncture in modern German history came not in 1933 with Hitler's advent as Führer but in 1945, with the end of his dictatorship.

It was then, in 1945, that the course of Germany history changed. Three things happened to produce that change. First of all, defeat brought the Germans face to face at last with the unspeakable crimes their country had perpetrated. That confrontation was made possible when the Allied armies first came upon the camps with the dead piled high and the living nearly dead. Then the International Military Tribunal at Nuremberg, established by the victorious Allies, began its hearings in November 1945 with the trial of twenty-two major war criminals. Twelve subsequent trials were held before Nuremberg tribunals for a wide variety of war crimes—medical crimes, the murders committed by the *Einsatzgruppen*, the complicity of the state ministries and the armed services in war crimes, and the participation of industrialists in the exploitation of slave labor.

Public revelation of the immensity and monstrosity of Germany's crimes forced most Germans, whether they had once been enthusiastic Nazis, merely obedient citizens, or inner émigrés, to retreat into shame, guilt, and revulsion. Thomas Mann summed up that response in *Doctor Faustus*, through the words of his most sympathetic character:

> Germany had become a thick-walled underground torture chamber, converted into one by a profligate dictatorship vowed to nihilism from its beginnings on. Now the torture chamber had been broken open, open lies our shame before the eyes of the world. Foreign commissions inspect those incredible photographs everywhere displayed, and tell their countrymen that what they have seen surpassed in horribleness anything the human imagination can conceive.

In those days there was much talk of Germany's "unmastered past"—as if such a past could then have been mastered.

Secondly, whether they tried to confront the past or to evade it, most Germans realized that their country had become the pariah of the nations, that everywhere in the world other peoples looked upon them as a nation of murderers, beyond the civilized pale. Even if they were not motivated by moral revulsion against the Nazi past, they knew that they had to make postwar Germany a different kind of country from prewar Germany.

Thirdly, the victorious Allies, especially the Americans, undertook to "reeducate" the Germans, to teach them the fundamentals of political

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democracy and the essentials of civil liberty. Already in 1945, the Allied occupiers, hoping to prepare for an independent and, in time, democratic postwar Germany, established "denazification courts" to try and to punish former Nazis. Those found guilty of substantial participation in Nazi institutions were sentenced to prison terms; less important Nazis were fined. Most were barred from political activity and excluded from employment in the public sector.

To be sure, denazification proceedings were not popular with Germans who wanted to gloss over the past. When, in 1946, the Americans turned over responsibility for these proceedings to the Germans themselves, the German public seemed more hostile to the denazifiers than to the former Nazis. Indeed, in the first decade after the war, the denazification courts amnestied many Nazis or quashed their cases. These unreconstructed Nazis tried to return to political life, to restore *their* good old days. Some began forming neo-Nazi parties. In 1949, in the first Bundestag elections in the newly constituted Federal Republic of Germany, several such parties managed to win a total of 9 percent of the vote, 37 seats out of 402. In those days, we were certain that renazification was a greater likelihood in Germany than denazification.

Potentially, the most dangerous of those neo-Nazi parties was the Socialist Reich Party (SRP) in Lower Saxony, whose leaders were former Nazis, some of whom had been interned during the Allied occupation. One had openly defied the ban on his participating in any political activity. In 1951 the SRP received 11 percent of the vote in Lower Saxony, electing sixteen delegates to the state's legislature. Within the year, however, West Germany's government moved to have the party declared unconstitutional, on the ground that it was a successor organization to the Nazi party. Its followers then rallied to another neo-Nazi party, but three years later, in state elections in Lower Saxony, that party received less than 4 percent of the vote and soon after petered out.

Ten years later a new neo-Nazi party emerged, the National Democratic Party of Germany (NPD), winning nearly 10 percent of votes in state elections in 1966. Yet this threat too fizzled out in 1969, when the party received less than 5 percent of the vote in the federal election, failing to win a single seat in the Bundestag. Since then, the neo-Nazis have barely mustered 1 percent of the vote in West Germany's communal, municipal, state, and Bundestag elections.

With the virtual disappearance of neo-Nazi parties, the era of anti-Semitism in German political history has come to an end. For the first time in over a century, German political parties no longer appeal for votes with anti-Semitic planks and programs.

FORTY years is, in the long run, merely the twinkling of an eye. Nevertheless, it is a time span of generations. In those forty years, the Federal Republic of Germany has become a successful model of a democratic country. It has evolved a stable two-party system which has, in turn, produced stable governments. The government formed under Konrad Adenauer in 1949 stayed in power for seventeen years—three years longer than the entire lifetime of Weimar. The government formed under Willy Brandt in 1969 stayed in power for thirteen years—one year longer than the entire lifetime of Hitler's Reich.

Unlike Weimar, the West German government has the support of the German people. Voter turnout has increased over the decades. In 1950, only 53 percent of respondents in a public-opinion poll throught it was better for a country to have several political parties than one, and as many as 24 percent actually favored a one-party system. In 1979, the responses to the same questions were, respectively, 90 percent and 4 percent. In 1955, only 30 percent of respondents expressed support for Germany's constitution; in 1978, 70 percent did so. Respect for civil liberties has increased too, though not to the same degree.*

Once the Federal Republic came into being in 1949, anti-Semitism lost its political legitimacy. Just then, however, a rash of anti-Semitic incidents erupted all over the country. But in a response unprecedented in German history, government officials, political-party leaders, church dignitaries, and intellectuals spoke out unequivocally. Chancellor Adenauer declared that "as Germans and Christians we have a duty to repair the wrongs committed against the Jews and strongly to oppose the anti-Semitic outbreaks."

Two years later, on September 27, 1951, Adenauer announced in the Bundestag his government's readiness to enter into negotiations with Israel and with representatives of Jews in the Diaspora regarding material reparations. "Unspeakable crimes," he said, "were perpetrated in the name of the German people which impose on us the obligation to make moral and material amends." In a year's time, agreements were concluded which provided for the payment of nearly $1 billion in reparations to Israel and to the Conference on Jewish Material Claims Against Germany, an organization representing Jewish communal organizations outside Israel.

The sense of shame for the crimes of National Socialist Germany, the feeling of obligation to make amends for the past, and the political imperative to combat anti-Semitism in the present

* The best survey of German public opinion on these questions is Frederick Weil, "The Imperfectly Mastered Past: Anti-Semitism in West Germany Since the Holocaust," *New German Critique* 20 (Spring/Summer, 1980), pp. 135-153. It has been republished as a pamphlet by the Anti-Defamation League.

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have been evident in the words and deeds of most of West Germany's political leaders over the last four decades.

It is true that exceptions upset the general practice. Some elected officials and party functionaries do occasionally speak in accents appropriate to National Socialist Germany. But their anti-Semitic remarks invariably elicit outraged counter-statements and eventually have to be retracted. Recently a spokesman for the Christian Social Union, the Bavarian wing of the Christian Democratic party, said that Jews show up "whenever money tinkles in German cash registers." Quickly the Christian Social Union dissociated itself from the words of its spokesman and he himself later had to apologize. Shortly thereafter the Christian Democratic mayor of a small town in North Rhine-Westphalia said that "a few rich Jews" should be slaughtered in order to balance the town's budget. He was pressured by the CDU to resign.

Both incidents, widely reported and nationally discussed, prompted a debate in the Bundestag on the danger of recurrent anti-Semitism. A few days later, at a ceremony marking Brotherhood Week, organized by the Association for Christian-Jewish Cooperation in Bonn, Richard von Weizsäcker, West Germany's President, in an appeal to world Jewish public opinion, apologized for the anti-Semitic remarks.

Some 89 extremist right-wing organizations still operate in West Germany. Altogether they have about 22,100 members, of whom 6,100 belong to the NPD, still the largest neo-Nazi group. But anti-Semitism no longer shapes public policy or government action. Indeed, in order to constrain neo-Nazi propaganda which denies that National Socialist Germany ever murdered six million European Jews (popularly known as the "Auschwitz lies"), the Bundestag last year enacted legislation making that denial punishable by law.

No one can deny that anti-Semitism remains a disturbing presence in Germany, the more disturbing precisely because it is Germany. But it expresses itself primarily, as elsewhere in the West, in personal attitudes, opinions, and feelings. Countless polls and surveys seek to elicit the German public's attitudes toward Jews, their feelings about Hitler and National Socialism, and the level of their commitment to democratic institutions. Here are some of their findings. In 1954, a survey showed that 15 percent of Germans "would vote for a man like Hitler"; in 1961, only 5 percent said they would. In 1962, a public-opinion poll conducted among Germans aged sixteen to eighteen asked whether some Jews had only themselves to blame for what happened to them during the Hitler era. Sixteen percent replied in the affirmative. More than twenty years later, only 5 percent said yes to the same question. Most Germans, when asked about their sympathies in Middle Eastern matters, if they have an opinion at all, are favorably inclined toward Israel. Only a small percentage has pro-Arab sympathies.

From the welter of polls and statistics one concludes, first, that a substantial segment of Germans—anywhere from 15 to 30 percent of the population—still harbors anti-Semitic attitudes, some overt, some latent, and, second, that with each passing decade the proportion of anti-Semitic responses declines. Predictably, anti-Jewish prejudice remains stronger among older and less educated Germans, among those who are the survivors of National Socialism, and among those who were not raised and educated in the changed political milieu of the Federal Republic.

While younger Germans are less susceptible to the traditional anti-Semitic stereotypes, pockets of them have succumbed to other variants. "Skinheads," lower-class unemployed young people, given to violence and driven by resentment, direct their rage against the Jews who—so they think—have everything they do not. In Germany this variant is also known as *"Fussball"* anti-Semitism because it has erupted at soccer games; when fortified by beer, skinheads scream vicious anti-Semitic slogans at the opposing team.

More visible than skinhead anti-Semitism among younger Germans is the anti-Semitism of the Left, which turns up in the media and the arts. It is also politically more mischievous, concentrating as it does on hatred of Israel and Zionism in the familiar strains of the propaganda one associates with the UN, the Third World, and the Soviet Union. During a recent debate in the Frankfurt City Council, an SPD faction leader denounced Menachem Begin as "a murderer, fascist, and terrorist." Like the anti-Semites of the Right, he later apologized.

Borrowing from Soviet anti-Semitism, the German Left likes to compare Israel with National Socialist Germany, while assigning to the Palestinian Arabs the role of the Jewish victims. In East Berlin, that is everyday propaganda. (There, even the murder of the European Jews is a non-subject.) One might have thought that in West Germany, intellectuals would know enough history to see the Nazi-Israel comparison as a species of gallows humor. Alas, they do not. Wolfgang Bergmann's film, *Schatten der Zukunft* ("Shadow of the Future"), which has been shown on prime-time German television, is dead serious in presenting this "version" of the Israel-Arab conflict.

Like their counterparts elsewhere, German left-wing anti-Semites often claim that they are "only" anti-Zionist, "only" criticizing Israel. Their real complaint, however, is that "normal" anti-Semitism is taboo in Germany, and that they cannot make anti-Semitic remarks without being accused of wanting to put Jews in gas chambers. Their

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anti-Semitism, in other words, takes the form of an openly expressed resentment at the fact that they are not permitted to be anti-Semitic.

The most notorious example of Left anti-Semitism in Germany has been the late Rainer Werner Fassbinder's play, *Garbage, City, and Death,* whose aborted production in Frankfurt on October 31, 1985, set off a loud controversy. Fassbinder had dramatized a novel by Gerhard Zwerenz, a best-selling left-wing writer, which had itself provoked charges of anti-Semitism when it appeared in 1973 on account of its ugly pornographic portrayal of a greedy and unscrupulous Jew. In Fassbinder's version, the anti-Semitism is even more blatant. The Jewish real-estate speculator has no name or personal identity; he is called, Brechtian-style, "The Rich Jew." His parents were murdered in the gas chambers, and the characters in the play think it a shame that he was not murdered as well. One of them puts it this way:

> He sucks us dry, the Jew does. He drinks our blood and puts us in the wrong because he's a Jew and we are guilty. . . . But the Jew is guilty, for he makes us guilty, just because he's here. If he'd stayed where he came from or if they had gassed him, I could sleep better today. They forgot to gas him. That's no joke. That's how I think inside me.

Like Fassbinder's characters, the Germans who cannot come to terms with National Socialist crimes want desperately to forget them. Consequently, the evocation of the Nazi past has unloosed among them an anti-Semitic temper that cuts across generational lines and political differences. Germans who cannot stand to remember the past, who resent having to feel guilty about it, blame the Jews for keeping it alive. Such feelings, which have now become overt, surfaced most visibly during the Bitburg episode.

But blaming the Jews for keeping alive the memory of National Socialist crimes is, like other anti-Semitic charges, a canard. In Germany that memory is preserved by other Germans, those for whom remembrance of the past is a form of expiation for the crimes committed by their country, by their fathers and grandfathers. It is *their* way of coming to terms with themselves. Germans, not Jews, marked the 40th anniversary of *Kristallnacht* in the Federal Republic by commemorative gatherings, silent marches, radio and TV programs, and religious services. An estimated twenty million West Germans and Berliners saw the American TV film *Holocaust* on German regional television in 1979. (Polls taken at the time reported that 68 percent of the viewers responded favorably.) Just lately, hundreds of West Berliners crowded into a theater for the premiere of Claude Lanzmann's nine-and-a-half hour documentary, *Shoah.*

The interest in things Jewish expresses itself in many ways among Germans who wish to master their past. Thousands, for instance, belong to local societies for Christian-Jewish Cooperation, an organization which conducts educational activities among young Germans. Hundreds of thousands have visited Israel. After the United States and Israel, Germany is one of the largest publishers of serious books on Jewish subjects—even books about the murder of the European Jews. Lectures and courses about Jewish history and culture sponsored by Jewish institutions attract nearly as many Germans as Jews. The Jüdische Gemeinde in Berlin, for instance, offers an extensive adult-education program, which, several board members told me, Germans attend in large numbers.

In 1963, the city of Cologne mounted a major exhibit, "Monumenta Judaica," depicting two thousand years of Jewish history on the Rhine. It was opened by then-Bundestag President Eugen Gerstenmaier and it attracted tens of thousands of visitors from all over Germany. Last November, the Berlinische Galerie presented an exhibit of German-Jewish art which had been collected by the Leo Baeck Institute in New York. The reviewer for *Der Tagesspiegel,* Berlin's most respected newspaper, wrote of this exhibit:

> If someone should ask what we [Germans] lack today—intellectually, culturally, in terms of human decency and cultural history—I would point to the row of paintings here. . . . This is doubtless the most important cultural-historical exhibit that Berlin has confronted since the war. It displays a major portion of that intellectual substance that was cold-bloodedly murdered, while the city silently tolerated it. . . . One leaves the exhibit with a mixture of shame, shamefacedness, rage, and historical admiration.

The desire on the part of Germans to learn more about Jews and Jewish civilization is, it seems to me, a form of moral education. It is as if, by acquiring rational knowledge and a firmer grasp on the historical reality of Jews and Judaism, they might thereby hope to exorcise the demonic image of the Jew which Nazi propaganda implanted in the German consciousness.

This, finally, is what I came to see in my third visit to Berlin.

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The Prince of English Poets

Fernanda Eberstadt

FEW English men of letters have enjoyed greater recognition during their lifetime—or suffered a more degrading post-mortem—than Alexander Pope, author of such masterpieces of the mock-heroic epic as *The Rape of the Lock* and *The Dunciad*. Although in his own day Pope was much pilloried by the kind of brutal lampoons which attended English literary life in the 18th century, he was nonetheless acknowledged even by his detractors to be the very "prince of English poets." Voltaire on a visit to England in 1727 could thus feel himself to be transmitting something of a truism when he described Pope as "the best poet in England and at present in the world," and this judgment was frequently to be repeated over the next several decades.

Upon his death in 1744, however, Pope's reputation came increasingly under siege. His vast and varied poetical output—running to eleven volumes in the recent and authoritative Twickenham edition—was denigrated by successive generations who found in this Augustan genius the very ethos they most misprized. In the 19th century, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Keats dismissed Pope as an elegant and frigid trifler, a Frenchman at heart. William Hazlitt summed up the Romantic verdict on this idol of an earlier generation when he witheringly declared that "Pope's Muse never wandered with safety but from his library to his grotto, or from his grotto into his library back again. . . . He had none of the enthusiasm of poetry: he was in poetry what a skeptic is in religion." The Victorians, led by Macaulay, Matthew Arnold, and Leslie Stephen (and with the passionate exception of Ruskin), praised Pope as an accomplished miniaturist but faulted him for want of high seriousness and for defect of character, while in the early 20th century the Bloomsbury group, in its reverence for the 18th, nearly killed him with kindness. It is to Pope's great Bloomsbury defender, Lytton Strachey, that we owe the memorable description of the poet at work as a monkey pouring boiling oil on the passersby below.

That a poet so highly esteemed in his own day should go wanting two centuries for a just reappraisal is no cause for surprise: Augustan verse, with its mixture of abstraction and topicality, moralism, smut, and high polish, has proved difficult to assimilate. What is astonishing is that Strachey's characterization of Pope as a venomous monkey should be far from untypical as an example of critical discussion of his poetry. To a degree unparalleled in the history of English letters, biographical revelations—often fabricated, credulously accepted, or misconstrued—about Pope's physical ailments (he was crippled), his religion (Roman Catholic), his intrigues, amours, and feuds have tarnished critical consideration of his verse.

Thus we have the spectacle of the first scholarly edition of Pope's work—a ten-volume collection compiled in the 1870's—whose introduction consists of a laundry list of the poet's professional schemings and double-dealings, his vanities, literary borrowings, and private peccadillos, detailed in such words as "infamous," "revolting," "cheat," "calumny," "fraud." The bibliographer J.G. Guerinot best summed up this perplexing state of affairs when he asked, "Could one think of another figure in English literature the standard critical and biographical studies of whom would repeat, however unconsciously, the rumors and defamations of his avowed enemies?"

It has remained for the 20th century and for such critical luminaries as T.S. Eliot and F.R. Leavis to recover from Pope's verse something of the torrential vivacity, the passionate intensity, the intellectual compression, the mordancy, the audacious wit, the deliciously varied intonations, and the profoundly feeling moralism and frequent grandeur in which his contemporaries rejoiced. Leavis discovered in Pope a metaphysical turn of mind that made him "the last poet of the 17th century as well as the first poet of the 18th," while Eliot pronounced that "the man who cannot enjoy Pope as poetry probably understands no poetry." The publication of *Alexander Pope: A Life*, the first comprehensive modern biography

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of the poet, by the eminent Yale scholar Maynard Mack* thus provides a fine occasion to reexamine the career and poetry of this 18th-century genius who set out to be the world's conscience and the scourge of fools and knaves.

ALEXANDER POPE was the only son of an elderly and prosperous Roman Catholic linen merchant. He was born in London in 1688, the year of the Glorious Revolution, when the Roman Catholic monarch James II was removed from the throne and the Dutch Protestant William of Orange was made king. Pope labored throughout his life under two grave disabilities. The first was his health: he suffered from Pott's disease, a tuberculosis of the bone which stunted his growth at 4'6", eventually causing both spine and vertebrae to collapse in upon his lungs, keeping him in constant pain and excluding him from a robust and normal life. The second barrier to ordinary aspirations was his religion. Pope lived in an age when Roman Catholics were heavily taxed for their faith, excluded from universities and from all government positions, pensions, and posts of honor or trust, and forbidden to practice or propagate their religion, to inherit property, to possess firearms or a horse worth the name, or—when Pope was older—to live within twenty miles of London.

In addition to these visible impediments, Roman Catholics lived under the continual suspicion of treason, and, after the House of Hanover's accession to the English throne in 1714, were believed by many still to be harbingers of a Jacobite invasion. Although Pope himself was never an especially devout Roman Catholic, but rather cleaved to a religion of virtue, tolerance, moderation, and charity whose flavor Mack has well captured, nonetheless filial piety prevented him from ever changing so troublesome a faith.

Combining with these disabilities to exclude him from worldly fulfillment and power were his political convictions. Pope was a Tory, and thus in permanent and active opposition to the Whig party which—with the exception of Queen Anne's brief sway—dominated the English political scene throughout most of his life, largely under the astute stewardship of Sir Robert Walpole.

The hardships of body and belief which caused Pope in 1735 to write wryly of "this long disease, my life" were, however, more than outweighed by a great and overriding conviction of his own genius which possessed him from the very earliest age, filling him with the sense of belonging to a noble, even a sacred, tradition that included Homer, Virgil, Milton, and Dryden. Also crucially important to Pope's poetic development, as Samuel Johnson was the first of his critics and biographers to realize, was his financial independence, which freed him from the necessity of dancing attendance upon would-be patrons, from producing paid praise and birthday odes, or from rushing inferior verse into print in order to pay the rent; he was one of the few poets of his own or any time with the discipline to obey Horace's dictum of keeping poetry nine years before publication. Moreover, where wealth and leisure made poets like Lord Rochester and (later) Lord Byron lazy, Pope remained one of the most rigorously meticulous and driven of English writers, a man to whom poetry was a business open twenty-four hours a day, who copied down and pasted together every scrap of conversation that might come in handy, who tirelessly consulted friends over the placement of a comma, and who revised his work even after publication.

Pope was also possibly the first poet in the Western world to turn a hefty profit in the marketplace with his verse. Mack is extremely interesting on Pope as entrepreneur—a role best displayed in his translations of *The Iliad* and *The Odyssey*. Pope spent twelve years translating Homer—a labor revolutionary not so much for its recovery of original intent ("Very pretty, Mr. Pope," commented the scholar Richard Bentley, "but you musn't call it Homer") as for its financing and presentation. Pope not only packaged the translation himself, introducing new and simpler kinds of typography, layout, and illustration, but also thoroughly revised and enlarged the standard subscription system by which such endeavors were normally financed; in contravention of traditional publishing practice, all the money so raised went directly to the poet himself, at a heady 200 guineas a volume for *The Iliad*. In yet another refinement of literary capitalism, Pope in his *Odyssey* acted not as laborer but as boss of a classical sweatshop, employing a team of hack poets at modest wages to turn out Engish Homer under Pope's label—a practice for which he was excoriated at the time.

The profits from these and other labors were enough for Pope to move in 1718 with his elderly mother to a riverside villa at Twickenham (now a suburb of London), the design and cultivation of whose gardens and grotto preoccupied and cheered the rest of his life, and figured largely in his verse. Mack, who wrote an excellent earlier book on this subject, is at his very best on Pope and the virtues of country living.

POPE grew up at the tail end of a tradition of coffeehouse wits and courtier playwrights. The Restoration and the early 18th century was a period acutely aware of its own literary decadence in comparison with the Golden Age of Elizabethan and Jacobean poets and dramatists; in contemporary verse, a recurrent metaphor for the times is one of bankruptcy. Dryden, Pope's great master, dolefully wrote of how the preceding age—his "prodigal sires"—had squandered the wealth of the English language, leaving

* Norton, 975 pp., $22.50.

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the next generation with nothing new to say. The post-Restoration poets "cultivated" English verse, Dryden acknowledged, but despite their elegance,

> Our builders were with want of genius cursed;
> The Second Temple was not like the First.

The English scholar Emrys Jones has vividly described the sense of imaginative depletion which bedeviled the literature of the late 17th and early 18th centuries, and also its compensating virtues. The literary world into which Pope came of age, Jones writes, "was at its best lucidly and modestly sensible, but it was undeniably somewhat impoverished. What characterizes the literature of the Restoration is a brightly lit, somewhat dry clarity, a dogmatic simplicity: it is also above everything else the expression of an aggressively alert rational consciousness. . . ." This dry clarity was well-suited to the kinds of subject matter poets chose. For writers of the late 17th and early 18th centuries, verse was not, as for a later age, the proper medium for free-form vatic meditations, for communions with nature, or for celebrations of the soul, but rather primarily a vehicle for argumentation—for political lampoons, philosophical inquiry, scientific discourse, theological speculation, the commemoration of wars, kings, and public works, and the satirizing of famous men and women. It is no coincidence that the two greatest poets of the age are Milton and Dryden, the former devoting what was to be the last epic of the English language to the Fall of Man, the latter the author, in his two best poems, of an explication through biblical allegory of the Exclusion Crisis of 1685 (*Absalom and Achitophel*) and of a warmly and intelligently argued debate, also allegorical, between the Church of England and the Church of Rome (*The Hind and the Panther*).

Unlike his two heroes, Milton and Dryden, Pope is not a historical, a philosophical, or an especially ideological poet. He does not—except incidentally or humorously—write about God, or religion, or wars or plagues or kings. His political vision is of a homely and tolerant conservatism, in which everything in the universe has its place and function, the government preserves the British constitution and English liberties, the Church preserves the peace, the aristocracy commissions arts and feeds the poor, and writers maintain literary standards. Pope's one attempt at putting forth in verse a more ambitious world system, *An Essay on Man*—a poem that espouses a kind of mechanistic deism influenced by his mentor Lord Bolingbroke—is arresting in its images but glib in its formulations.

ALTHOUGH not so intellectual a poet as Dryden, Pope does nonetheless bring to his verse all the clarity, the simplicity, and the alert and aggressive rationality which Emrys Jones ascribes to Restoration verse at its best. These qualities can be seen in one of his earliest and most persuasive poems, *An Essay on Criticism*, written when its author was twenty-one, and published in 1711. Based roughly on Horace's *Ars Poetica*, *An Essay on Criticism* is a lively and often comic disquisition ostensibly on the varieties of bad writing and the nature of true judgment, which Pope holds to consist chiefly in knowing one's own limits. In fact, the young poet takes the occasion to provide us with a lucid and distilled history of classical and English literature, including a rather scathing account of the Roman Catholic and Protestant Churches. The poem combines sauciness and self-mockery with lyricism, common sense, and grandness of imagery. Perhaps its most famous passage describes man's discovery that the more he learns, the less he seems to know:

> So pleased at first the towering alps we try,
> Mount o'er the vales and seem to tread the sky;
> Th'eternal snows appear already passed,
> And the first clouds and mountains seem
> the last:
> But those attained, we tremble to survey
> The growing labors of the lengthened
> way;
> The increasing prospect tires our wandering
> eyes:
> Hills peep o'er hills, and alps on alps arise.

An Essay on Criticism is notable for the breadth of sympathy and serene catholicity of taste that make Pope so independent-minded a critic, revering as he does not only Erasmus, Montaigne, Shakespeare, and Milton, but also such then-neglected or devalued talents as Chaucer and Donne, both of whose works Pope "translated" into modern English. More importantly, however, *An Essay on Criticism* is one of the most eloquent expressions of a central principle that was to illuminate Pope's verse. This is the notion that criticism and poetry are *moral* activities, and that consequently the poet and the critic must teach us not only how to write well and think clearly, but also how to be good men: kind, loving, candid (a favorite Augustan word that can best be rendered as "well-disposed"), honest, civic-minded, charitable. By the same token, Pope argues, bad verse that goes praised undermines our culture and threatens our very social institutions. It is this latter idea that constitutes Pope's justification for devoting so much of his best poetry—including *The Dunciad*—to exposing and ridiculing pretentious and untalented writers: an activity which today, when his targets have been long forgotten, may seem an unworthy task for a generous mind. (To complete the picture, when the critic John Dennis, Pope's first and most furious enemy, whose eccentricities he had mimicked in *An Essay on Criticism*, grew old and poor, Pope provided him with a secret pension and wrote the prologue to a fundraiser for Dennis's benefit.)

Literature as human conduct, literature *and*

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human conduct: Pope is the supreme painter of the fabric of social life, of gambling, teas, balls, flirtations, marriage, debts, adultery, spinsterhood, of the longueurs and happy duties of country living, of the thrills and debaucheries of town. And in epitomizing 18th-century aristocratic English life in all its characteristic detail, Pope also shows himself a subtle and sensitive depicter of individual human character, and in particular of what one might call the mixed character: that assemblage of unpredictable and sometimes ruinous impulses and passions by which men and women make themselves miserable, or, by all the minute and gradual adjustments and instincts of compromise, unexpectedly content.

In this respect, Pope might favorably be compared with his great friend and fellow poet Jonathan Swift. Although he shares Swift's satiric lash, his savagery, his boldness, his preoccupation with the dark or the grotesque in human nature, Pope's best and most characteristic poetry is suffused with a generosity and fine sympathy for human predicaments. Such is his portrait of the essayist and playwright Joseph Addison in "An Epistle to Arbuthnot," which tragically shows us how a great genius can be made small by his own uneasy vanity. Such is his description of those clever and beautiful society ladies who are cursed

> With too much spirit to be e'er at ease
> With too much quickness ever to be taught
> With too much thinking to have common thought
> Who purchase pain with all that joy can give
> And die of nothing but a rage to live.

As an artist, Pope was avidly precocious. Since his youthful verse was for the most part drawn from literature and is about literature, and hence does not betray the poet's inexperience, it can be said that he came early to full artistic maturity. Thus, in such very different works as the crystalline mock-heroic *The Rape of the Lock* or the high Gothic "Eloisa to Abelard," the reader already gets a full dose of what it is like to read Pope.

The first and perhaps most obvious point that should be made about that experience is that this is poetry composed almost invariably in rhyming heroic couplets—a favorite 17th- and 18th-century form, ideally suited to paradox and pointed antitheses, and one which Pope had already at a very early age charged with an unprecedented complexity, wit, passion, compression, and richness of tone. Although the rhyming couplet is a form which tends to bring one back very quickly to where one started, it should be noted that Pope is a long-breathed poet who writes not in lines but in paragraphs, with effects powerfully and subtly cumulative.

In addition to this ability to sustain a high pitch of intensity and a wide play of ideas and meaning, Pope is the master of an astonishing tonal range and technical virtuosity. In his *Epistles to Several Persons,* for example, Pope effects in under a hundred couplets things few modern readers would think poetry capable of, reproducing, in miraculously distilled form, whole novellas replete with racy characters, idiosyncratic dialogue, and wry morals. In his *Imitations of Horace,* he swoops in one line from the truly sublime to the bombastic, from the darkly apocalyptic to the matter-of-fact, the smutty, or the ludicrous.

Moreover, Pope displays an unparalleled gift for matching sound to sense. Thus he devastates through mimicry the blustering verse of poets like Richard Blackmore who, catering to Hanoverian philistinism,

> Rend with tremendous sound your ears asunder,
> With gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss and thunder.

Similarly, when Pope describes the literary constipation of the hack versifier, who "strains from hard-bound brains eight lines a year," the verse itself seems to sweat and heave under the unprofitable labor.

The impression which Pope's poetry makes most powerfully upon the reader is of a nervous and brilliant vivacity, a hurtling abundance of images, allusions, and observations, a huge exaggeration, and a huge sense of delight in what is being perceived. This delight fastens itself both to the vast and to the microscopic, to the beautiful and to the very ugly or grotesque, endowing such customarily sad or dreary states as poverty or lunacy with a surreal and often surprisingly genial animation. Pope's verse is crammed with metaphors, conceits, personality, incident, and opinion; it dances and shivers with both matter and imagery heightened almost to the point of sensual overload. "See, through this air, this ocean, and this earth/All matter quick and bursting into birth," Pope writes in *An Essay on Man,* and the wide landscape of his poetry too seems always to be bursting into marvelous births and effecting sometimes freakish transformations.

It is, indeed, this shivering hurtling torrent of imagery, combined with audacity of invention and love of the incongruous, that has led F.R. Leavis and others to see in Pope less the stalwart upholder of Augustan order and civility than a mercurial throwback to that tradition of complex metaphysical wit embodied by John Donne and Andrew Marvell. It must be said, however, that although Pope, like the metaphysicals, is an immensely personal (and frequently self-mocking) poet, he lacks the depth of passion and capacity for despair that makes the best verse of Donne, or George Herbert, indispensable and ageless. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to write that in Pope this personal passion has been transferred from religious faith or erotic love to his two

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great subjects of literature and social conduct. It is thus only slightly unfair to say that whereas Herbert despaired because he could not love God enough, Pope despaired that the country was in shambles and bad art was enthroned. And then it is necessary to add that in precisely these conditions of disorder and decay he saw grounds not just for lamentation but for anger, scathing laughter, and the creation of new/old forms of order through the highest exercise of art.

MAYNARD MACK'S biography is very useful in making Pope's poetry accessible. Mack is clear, simple, sensible, and conservative in his literary analyses, and he understands well the point of view animating Pope's work. Moreover, Mack is sympathetic to his subject, and gives us a just and sensitive portrait of, in his own words, Pope's "experiences as a writer crippled, quick-tempered, highly sensitive to slights, at times vengeful, carving out a career by sheer genius and relentless application in the face of envy, religious bigotry, and almost continual slander."

But despite its large strengths, Mack's biography is afflicted with several related flaws which make it less illuminating or incisive than one might wish in so comprehensive a project. *Alexander Pope: A Life*, which runs almost to a thousand pages, is unnecessarily garrulous and vague. In the absence of concrete material, Mack is inclined to meditate at length upon thoughts and emotions which might have occurred to Pope had he read William Butler Yeats, Kathleen Raine, or Ted Hughes. Telltale phrases like "It is tempting to speculate," "It appears a plausible guess," "One is moved to suspect," and "Although it would be quite beside the point . . ." abound. Subjects like Time, Spring, Nature, or Youth tend to inspire reveries in which the biographer lights on W.S. Landor, Coleridge's albatross, Faulkner, and Robert Penn Warren in turn.

This digressiveness of mind is aggravated by Mack's habit of reading into Pope's verse some of the key events of our own day, in the interests of charging the poet with a contemporary relevance. Thus there are ritual allusions to women's liberation and ecological pollution, to race relations, Hiroshima and the "big-bang" theory, to E.L. Doctorow, to trillion-dollar debts, and to evangelicals on television. This effort to spice up the Augustan poet with an illusory "relevance" sits oddly with Mack's rather apologetic attempt to make Pope's prickly character more assimilable, either by relying on popular psychology and "modern studies" on cripples and minorities or by resorting to clumsy universalities. Thus, whenever the young Pope strikes a patently insincere attitude, Mack hastens to interject, "as who among us has not?"

Such defensiveness is understandable, to be sure. Despite the attempts to rehabilitate him, Pope remains perhaps the most maligned of great English writers, attacked on the one front by those who would have it that his grandest verse is poisoned by the personality of the man who wrote it, disparaged on the other by those who find his work irrevocably and justly lost in the toils of Augustan allusiveness. Nevertheless, in the end Mack's efforts tend less to vivify than to flatten a difficult but noble character and to diminish his Olympian achievements. We have still to wait for a study that rises fully to the challenge of Pope's life and work.

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Yalta and the Neoconservatives

Paul Seabury

LAST January, in an article in the *New York Review of Books* entitled "Neoconservative History," Theodore Draper delivered himself of a fevered attack on four pieces in COMMENTARY which he accused of slandering Franklin D. Roosevelt and misrepresenting the role he played at the Yalta conference of 1945. Three of the pieces thus singled out for attack were the contributions of Lionel Abel, Jeane J. Kirkpatrick, and Robert Nisbet to the symposium, "How Has the United States Met Its Major Challenges Since 1945?" (November 1985). The fourth was an article by John Colville, "How the West Lost the Peace in 1945" (September 1985).

According to Draper, these writers severally and in concert have resurrected the "Yalta myth" —a myth invented by right-wing opponents of liberal internationalism in the early 1950's and intensified by McCarthyites. Today, says Draper, in the service of a new assault on the Rooseveltian heritage of liberal internationalism, the neoconservatives—and here his wrath turns upon Irving Kristol in particular—have not only brought the "myth" back but have done so by means of a deliberate falsification of history.

Contrary to the "myth," Draper maintains, Roosevelt and Churchill at Yalta did not sign away Poland and Eastern Europe to Stalin. The *fait accompli* already had happened: i.e., the Red Army already had the region in its clutches. At Yalta, the Western leaders signed an agreement with Stalin which, had the Soviet dictator lived up to it, "might have extricated Poland" from the Soviet grip. But, Draper writes, "words hardly mattered" at Yalta; what mattered was "brute power." Thus, "Yalta was a dividing line, not because of what happened there, but because of what happened after it."

Yet if we are to understand what happened at Yalta, the main task surely is to ask not "what happened after it" but what happened *before* it. For here what is past really is prologue.

Specifically we must inquire—as Jeane Kirkpatrick and Nisbet do—into Roosevelt's mind-set in the four years before Yalta. In doing so, we must avoid either being vindictive or full of praise. Instead we simply must ask: what was Roosevelt's overriding strategic objective in World War II? Subordinate to that, what was his view of the Soviet element in the war after June 22, 1941?

Here we deal not with Roosevelt alone, but with a major component of an American strategic attitude. In the war, Roosevelt displayed both the best and the worst qualities of American attitudes toward war and peace. The clear merits of Roosevelt as wartime leader were that he wished to employ American force in the most concentrated fashion in order to gain battlefield victory quickly, rejecting doctrines, such as those of Liddell Hart and Churchill, which argued for a strategy of indirection that could have prolonged the war. Roosevelt instinctively sensed the impatience of the American public, which, hating war, despised protracted conflicts. He thus in effect abandoned politics and became Commander-in-Chief. (As he himself said in 1942, "Dr. Win-the-War" had replaced "Dr. New Deal.") Roosevelt also understood the need for Americans to have a sure and even simple principled base for going to war. Beyond defeating Hitler and Tojo, he therefore enunciated a high goal: the Four Freedoms, which he was able to sell to Churchill at the Atlantic Conference in 1941.

Such vague and principled aspirations were in themselves important; they were (and remain) consonant with a long American liberal tradition. But what of the serious "political goal," so crucial to seminal strategists like Clausewitz? Here we come to Roosevelt's defects which, like his merits, were also consonant with a long American tradition.

THE great Spanish liberal historian, Salvador de Madariaga, once wrote a little book, *The Blowing Up of the Parthenon,* a commentary on the early years of the cold war and the wartime years which preceded it. Like Arthur Koestler and others, he described World War II as a triangular war, among the liberal democracies, the Nazi totalitarians, and the Leninist totalitarians.

But to be more precise than Madariaga, World War II as a triangular war consisted of phases and theaters. In phase one, 1939-41, Hitler and Stalin arrayed themselves against the West; in phase two, 1941-45, Churchill, Roosevelt, and Stalin arrayed themselves against Hitler. In the theaters, however, the triangular war continued uninterruptedly through both phases—as may be seen, for instance, in Yugoslavia and China, where battles raged among pro-Western, pro-Soviet, and Axis forces.

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Another, somewhat different example—the terrifying episode of the Warsaw uprising in 1944, where Nazi and Soviet forces in taut concert eliminated the Polish pro-Western resistance—remains a hideous scar on the Western conscience. As the recently published Roosevelt-Churchill correspondence shows, the British leader vainly pleaded with Roosevelt to demand of Stalin that Anglo-American airborne assistance be permitted to reach the freedom fighters. Roosevelt procrastinated. As the Red Army stood by on the east bank of the Vistula, Hitler's forces exterminated the Poles.

I cite this unpleasant instance of triangularity not as a revelation derived from hindsight, but as one in which the actors at the time knew full well what was going on. Why was Roosevelt so loath to act? Because, surely, his overriding political objective was defeating the Axis; war-winning excluded or superseded all other considerations.

Moreover, while Churchill recognized the triangularity of the war, Roosevelt did not, seeing it rather as a sequential set of conflicts.

During the time of the Nazi-Soviet Pact, in a 1940 White House speech to the Communist-dominated American Youth Congress, Roosevelt gave a bitter, extemporaneous tongue-lashing to the Soviet Union and to American fellow-travelers. The USSR, he then said, was run by a dictatorship as absolute as any in the world, and was allied with another dictatorship. Scarcely two years later, Stalin, the absolute dictator, had to Roosevelt become "Uncle Joe." Was this transformation in Roosevelt's mind a consequence of a changed *Realpolitik* situation, or was it a result of genuine self-mesmerization?

This is no idle question. As to nuances of triangularity in the Roosevelt administration, Roosevelt, regardless of his own personal convictions, certainly harbored, among his advisers, individuals of known pro-Soviet persuasion. (There were, by contrast, no crypto-Nazis in Roosevelt's cabinet or on his staff at that or any other time.) One Soviet agent went with him to Yalta—Alger Hiss; others, like Harry Dexter White, played significant roles in shaping U.S. postwar policy in both China and in Central Europe.

But long before these events, in the 1930's, Roosevelt, cultivating Stalin before Hitler did, dispatched the notoriously pro-Soviet Joseph Davies as Ambassador to Moscow—an appointment which at the time almost caused the U.S. Moscow embassy staff to resign en masse.

In addition, in 1937, as George Kennan tells it in his *Memoirs,* the White House one day out of the blue ordered the State Department to dismantle its Division of East European Affairs (colloquially known as the Russian Division)—a full-scale, sudden purge of talented Sovietologists, who then were banished to obscure posts like Teheran. The division's precious archives unceremoniously were removed to dark, obscure stacks in the Library of Congress; the State Department thus was blinded, as far as its knowledge of Soviet affairs was concerned. As Kennan comments:

> I never learned the real background of this curious purge. It was rumored that the Western European Division considered that we in the Russian Division "took Russia too seriously"—that we gave it attention that was out of proportion to that given by other divisions to other countries. I have no doubt there was something in this; but it surely was not the whole story. There is strong evidence that pressure was brought to bear from the White House. I was surprised, in later years, that the McCarthyites . . . never got hold of the incident and made capital of it; for here, if ever, was a point at which there was indeed the smell of Soviet influence . . . somewhere in the higher reaches of the government.

Small wonder, then, that Roosevelt in 1942 already wrote to Churchill that he, Roosevelt, should be the leader in wartime discussions with Stalin, since Stalin trusted him and distrusted Churchill's advisers as anti-Soviet! "I know you will not mind my being brutally frank with you when I tell you that I think I can handle Stalin better than your Foreign Office or my State Department. Stalin hates the guts of all your top people. He thinks he likes me better and I hope he will continue to do so." (Draper, in a subsequent exchange of letters in the *New York Review,* dismisses this statement as mere Rooseveltian boastfulness; it helps considerably, however, to understand the context for this boast, if boast it was and not simple candor.)

WHATEVER one makes of such speculations, it is undoubtedly true that from the moment of Pearl Harbor, Roosevelt gave his undivided attention to winning the war—this was the job to be done. It is also true that he paid very little attention to Soviet wartime actions or their portents. Whatever worries others in his entourage may have had, Roosevelt simply does not appear to have been bothered about Stalin's possible betrayal of the Allied war effort. Instead, Roosevelt clearly defined the war in simple ways. He wished to smash the Axis. Also, he had two fronts to fight upon: the *American* front in the Pacific and the joint front in Europe. He thought it necessary to get Stalin's help, after VE day, in winning against Japan, and he was willing to pay the price of Soviet domination of Eastern Europe for that.

Yet considering the combination of these obvious facts, we still must judge Roosevelt for the missing element in his equations—an absence of strategic reflection as to the likely contours of world politics *after* the Axis collapse and defeat. Despite Draper's tortured attempt to make it appear otherwise, again and again Churchill tried to remind Roosevelt of the *political* implications and side effects of battlefield operations, particularly the unpleasant ones. Again and again, as in the Warsaw uprising affair, Roosevelt showed little interest

This Roosevelt mind-set, it must be emphasized, infected key subordinates and their battlefield decisions as well: *no* political considerations other than those related to the surrender of Nazi Germany were allowed to contaminate field operations. One logical consequence of this was to be seen in the spring of 1945, soon after Yalta, when

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Eisenhower—charged, as Allied Supreme Commander, with the pursuit and defeat of the *Reichswehr*—turned his forces southward toward a pitiful *Reichswehr* redoubt in Bavaria, and away from the momentous drive to Berlin. The decision may have been Eisenhower's alone, but it certainly was compatible with Roosevelt's overall strategy. In any event, it was the Soviet Red banner which was raised in triumph over the Reichstag in May 1945, and not the Stars and Stripes.

If Roosevelt correctly sized up the American temperament, then both as politician and warrior-leader he succeeded brilliantly. Americans got what they wanted—a quick solution. But as statesman he failed miserably. The eastern periphery of the Free World was thenceforward to lie to the west of Magdeburg, and Prague, which could easily have been taken by American forces, was to experience Red Army liberation instead. Roosevelt led his nation to victory, but at a price which his colleague Churchill clearly did not wish to share, and whose dangers many experienced and well-informed Americans on whom the White House could have drawn (such as Averell Harriman, George Kennan, and others) also sensed.

WHAT happened at Yalta itself was the catastrophic consummation of these wartime strategic decisions. In fact, that consummation was foreshadowed by the very choice of Yalta as a site.

"Magneto" was the code word used by Roosevelt and Churchill in 1944 in correspondence to denote their upcoming summit meeting with Stalin in early 1945—as though the yet-to-be-determined site for it, had Stalin insisted, might have been in Magnetogorsk in far Siberia. The two Western leaders tried to lure Stalin ("U.J.," for "Uncle Joe," as they both by then called him) to various Mediterranean places. Stalin feigned ill health: such a long trip was impossible. So the ailing American President (who was soon to die) and his British partner (then recovering from a bout of pneumonia) ventured on a perilous long voyage to a disease-wracked and rubbled Soviet city.

The site agreement corresponded in one respect with previous summit locations, and with the one later to be held in Potsdam. During the war, Anglo-American leaders invariably went *east*. During the entire war, from 1939 to 1945, only twice did a major Soviet leader venture beyond the Red Army's pale to treat with the enemies of Stalin's enemies. This was Molotov, who went to Berlin in December 1940 and then to London and Washington in 1942. The wartime Moscow, Teheran, Yalta, and Potsdam conference sites thus betokened a Western supplicant willingness to deal with the totalitarian partner on his own turf. So the chosen site was Yalta.

Draper tries to put a good face on Roosevelt's conduct there, but his sophistries cannot and do not explain the coy, flippant role the President assumed in the negotiations, posing as genial umpire between Churchill the British imperialist and Stalin the Russian socialist. Nor does Draper's perverse revisionism explain why Roosevelt should have abandoned a common front with Churchill, engaging in bilateral talks with Stalin in which he and the Soviet dictator discussed ways to overthrow the British Raj in India.

BUT as the title of his article indicates, Draper is not mainly interested in what happened at Yalta in 1945; he is interested in discrediting the neoconservative critique of the neutered internationalism of the Carter years. To accomplish this, indeed, he abruptly changes gears, and subject, in the last section of his article and launches an assault on "the so-called neoconservative ideology," which is supposedly typified by the foreign-policy writings of Irving Kristol.

Draper himself was once a very sharp critic of détente.* But like many other formerly hardheaded analysts of the Soviet-American conflict, he seems to have become so fearful of Soviet power that he is now trying to dissociate himself from his earlier ideas. He has every right to change his mind on these matters. But this gives him no license to warp the thoughts of others. While it is, for example, fair enough to say that Irving Kristol is against liberal internationalism and in favor of "global unilateralism," most other neoconservatives, including (as Draper himself is forced to acknowledge) Jeane Kirkpatrick, remain committed precisely to the liberal internationalist tradition which Roosevelt helped to shape but whose principles he himself then betrayed in appeasing Stalin at Yalta.

What is even worse than Draper's failure to distinguish among the varieties of neoconservative thought, however, is his near-hysterical defamation of those who are still trying to dispel the kinds of illusions about the Soviet Union that Franklin D. Roosevelt brought with him to Yalta, and that—thanks in part to people like Draper—now enjoy a dangerous revival.

* See, for example, his article, "Détente," in the June 1974 COMMENTARY.

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Archeology as Politics

Hershel Shanks

ONE of the world's most prominent academics, specializing in the history of the ancient Near East during the Roman period, has accused Israeli archeologists and historians of that most heinous of scholarly crimes: distorting facts for political purposes and deliberately misinterpreting history. Glen W. Bowersock, the accuser, taught for many years at Harvard, ultimately becoming chairman of the department of classics; he is now at the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton. His accusations against Israeli scholars were made in an article entitled "Palestine: Ancient History and Modern Politics," published in the literary quarterly *Grand Street* (Autumn 1984).

Bowersock's article is concerned with, in his own words, "the altering or suppression of the past in order to make it more usable." He writes: "Tampering with history in the interests of the present is just as reprehensible as any other kind of misrepresentation. Honest mistakes can be expected anywhere and at any time, but the tendentious falsification of the past is another matter." Israeli scholars, in his view, are guilty of just such deliberate, knowing falsification. When "the truth is not particularly helpful," they proceed "quietly [to] suppress" it. They engage in "manipulation of the past"; they practice "bold deception."

What has been the reaction to these charges? Professor Jacob Neusner of Brown University has written that Bowersock is right, but unfair—because he is not equally critical of Arab scholarship. In an amiable exchange in *Grand Street*, Harvard's David Landes suggested that Bowersock's discussion would only contribute to the politicization of archeology. In a second such exchange, Leon Wieseltier, the literary editor of the *New Republic*, chastised his "friend Glen" for failing to observe that "there is a 'usable past' phenomenon in the Arab case as well —indeed, in the cases of all nationalisms. The tendentious reclamation of ancient histories is a topos of all nationalisms. . . . I would say the remarkable thing about the Israeli case is the degree of its independence from the worst consequences of such political/historical conveniences."

No one, however, has really grappled with Bowersock's specific charges—perhaps because Bowersock himself is often not specific, or perhaps because the debate would involve abstruse issues about which books could be, and have been, written. Still, it is worth exploring, however briefly, at least a few of them.

Among the examples Bowersock adduces to support his charge of intentional misrepresentation, one has to do with the Roman emperor Hadrian, who suppressed the Second Jewish Revolt in 135 C.E. and rebuilt Jerusalem on the plan of a Roman camp. In an effort to obliterate all Jewish associations with the city, Hadrian renamed it Aelia Capitolina, and adorned it with pagan temples. But the ancient sources differ over what was where. Eusebius speaks of a temple to Venus on the site identified as that of Jesus' burial, the Holy Sepulchre. Jerome refers to a temple to Jupiter. The historian Dio Cassius refers specifically to a temple to Jupiter on the Temple Mount, the site of the destroyed Jewish temple, but his reliability on this point is doubted.

Some modern scholars contend, on the basis of the ancient sources, that the temple on the site of the Holy Sepulchre was dedicated not to Venus (as Eusebius says) but to Jupiter. Others believe that the temple to Jupiter stood on the Temple Mount. Bowersock is of the view that the standard translation of Dio Cassius is inaccurate, and that the temple to Jupiter was *not* built on the Temple Mount—only statues of the emperor and of a pagan god (perhaps Jupiter) were put there, while the temple to Jupiter itself was several blocks away. According to Bowersock, Israeli scholars who, relying on the traditional understanding of the passage from Dio Cassius, assert that Hadrian built a temple to Jupiter on the Temple Mount—which presumably would have been a graver offense to Jewish religious sensibilities than mere statues—are not simply in error, they are "apologists" for Judaism who are suppressing historical truth.

I asked Bowersock who these unnamed Israelis were. There were two. One of them was Michael Avi-Yonah, who died in 1974. This is curious, because elsewhere in his article Bowersock explicitly cites Avi-Yonah as a member of an older generation of Israeli scholars whose work he generally finds objective—"accurate, thorough, and dispassionate" are the terms Bowersock uses to describe Avi-Yonah's scholarship. Evidently, however, in suggesting that a temple to Jupiter had been built on the formerly Jewish Temple Mount, Avi-Yonah slipped from this high status and instantly became an "apologist." So much for Bowersock's own commitment to "accurate, thorough, and dispassionate" judgment.

ANOTHER example. Bowersock tells us about a remarkable archeological discovery recently made in Israel's Negev desert: a bilingual Nabatean and Arabic inscription. The (unnamed) scholar who found it, Bowersock writes, dates it to the middle of the 2nd century C.E. If true, this would "constitute by far the earliest example of the Arabic language. . . . Its significance for pre-Islamic scholarship could be enormous." Then comes the punch line: "In any other country with a serious interest in archeology this object would have been removed to a protected place for safekeeping." But in Israel, "it still lies today in the desert sun." Bowersock also complains that the inscription has not been published, implying

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that there is a political motive at work.

I asked Bowersock for the name of the Israeli who did *this* dastardly deed: it was Abraham Negev, of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, one of the world's two or three leading Nabatean scholars. When I inquired of Negev, he replied as follows:

> The only man responsible for not moving it from its original place is me, and only me. The reason is very simple: fear of damage which will certainly be caused while removing it from its original place. It is engraved on a flat, very large stone, deeply embedded, or perhaps even part of a large natural rock. At its outer inscribed face, there is a crack. It is completely safe where it is. There are only two people in the world (me included) who know how to get there, and we have kept the knowledge of it hidden from all.

Why did Bowersock not ask Negev the same question I did? Or did he already know the answer? As for publication, Negev reports that his article on the inscription has already been submitted to the *Israel Exploration Journal*.

A FINAL EXAMPLE. In the early 1960's, Yigael Yadin, who until his recent death was Israel's leading archeologist, discovered in a cave in the Judean wilderness thirty-five personal documents concerning a Jewish women named Babatha who had fled to the cave during the Second Jewish Revolt against Rome. These documents reflect importantly on relations between Jews and Nabateans in the area. Today, nearly twenty-five years after they were found, the documents still have not been published, and the texts themselves are generally unavailable to scholars.

According to Bowersock, the failure to publish the Babatha documents can be accounted for on political grounds: "If there were any interest in Israel today in the social world of Babatha and her family among the Arabs in the second century A.D., the thirty-five documents she left behind would have been published long ago. After fifteen years of studying Babatha's world, I have become persuaded that to neglect her testimony is to suppress it."

That the Babatha documents have not been published is scandalous. The reason, however, has nothing to do with politics. The documents are written in often poorly preserved Nabatean, Aramaic, and Greek. Yadin assigned the task of publication to his colleague Jacob Polotsky, one of the few scholars eminently qualified to handle all three languages. Are we now to examine Polotsky's mind, or even, as a practical matter, his competing scholarly duties, his family obligations, his health, to determine the cause of delay?

As it happens, there is an easier and more revealing way to proceed. At the same time and in the same area where he discovered the Babatha documents, Yadin found letters written by the leader of the Second Jewish Revolt himself, Shimon Bar-Kokhba. For Yadin, Bar-Kokhba was the hero of the war (Bowersock, on the other hand, calls him a "pious thug"). Surely, then, if politics were the key variable, the Bar-Kokhba letters should have been promptly published. But they too, alas, like the Babatha documents, remain unpublished to this day.

Bowersock also accuses Yadin of giving publicity to the Bar-Kokhba letters that was not given to the Babatha documents. But the fact is that in his 1971 book on Bar-Kokhba, Yadin describes the general contents of the Babatha documents just as fully and just as extensively as he does the Bar-Kokhba letters.

The unfortunate fact is that lengthy and unjustified delays in the publication of archeological discoveries are endemic. A report on the excavation of a stunningly beautiful synagogue with an elaborate mosaic from the 4th century C.E., undertaken by an Israeli archeologist on the shore of the Sea of Galilee in the early 1960's, was not published until 1984, a delay that can hardly be attributed to a desire to suppress evidence.

Similarly, approximately half of the Dead Sea Scroll fragments from the famous Cave 4 at Qumran remain unpublished after thirty years and, like the Babatha documents, are generally unavailable to scholars. It would make just as much, and as little, sense to attribute *this* delay to Christian fears of what the documents will tell us about ancient Christianity (such a charge, incidentally, has been made) as to attribute the delay in publication of the Babatha documents to fear of or indifference to what they will tell us about the relationship between Jews and Nabateans in the 2nd century. The uninformed may perhaps be forgiven for making such spurious claims; Bowersock knows better.

THE relationship between archeology and history on the one hand and politics on the other is worth exploring, but the reality—at least in Israel—is totally different from what Bowersock describes.

To be sure, there is in Israel a greater interest in finds with biblical implications than in finds in other areas. Consequently, support for research in the biblical periods is easier to come by. But the same interest obtains here. A recent article in the New York *Times*, for example, reported that the American archeologist James Sauer had discovered some remains in South Yemen from before the time of Solomon; no remains that old had previously been found in the area. But the *Times* was not interested in ancient Arabian culture; it was interested in the possibility that the Queen of Sheba might turn out to have been a real person who had in fact visited King Solomon. Sauer, artifact in hand, gladly posed for a *Times* photographer to lend credibility to this guess, although he is well known to abhor the making of tenuous speculations about biblical connections.

In another recent *Times* article, it was reported that volcanic glass from an explosion in the 15th century B.C.E. on the ancient island of Thera (modern Santorini) had been found on the Mediterranean coast of Egypt. Once again, the *Times* was interested not in the volcanology of the area but in the possibility that tidal-like waves resulting from the volcano may have been the source of the biblical account of the parting of the Red Sea, as claimed by Johns Hopkins Egyptologist Hans Goedicke.

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Interest in the Bible, in other words, is hardly confined to Israelis, or to Jews. Moreover, although it is certainly true that Israelis are especially concerned with their own history, just as Arabs are especially concerned with theirs, the implications to be drawn from this are not those drawn by Bowersock—who in any case finds nothing but words of praise for such a "bias" when it appears in Arab scholarship. Jordan, he observes, has "provided enlightened support for research and excavation in pre-Islamic fields, with particular attention to the culture of the Nabateans who were the Arabs who preceded the Romans in the region." Bowersock even lauds the Syrians and the Saudis. In Syria, he writes, "there is strong encouragement of research in non-biblical history," while the University of Riyadh has opened up "a spectacular excavation" of a Hellenistic-Roman site. True, these initiatives are "clearly linked to an effort on the part of the various [Arab] nations to . . . restor[e] a forgotten element to the tradition." But in contrast to the case of Israel, Bowersock sees here nothing "reprehensible," no "tendentious falsification of the past," no "manipulation of history," no "willingness to tamper with the facts."

THE fact is that Israel boasts distinguished scholars in non-biblical as well as biblical periods; it is matched by few Western countries and by no Arab countries in the study of the Crusader period, the Byzantine period, the Roman period, the Early Bronze Age, the Chalcolithic period, and still earlier prehistoric periods. There are also leading Israeli Egyptologists, Hittitologists, Sumerologists, and so forth.

Even more to the point, Israeli scholars have made an enormous contribution to the study of early *Arab* cultures. Benjamin Mazar and Meir Ben-Dov have uncovered, *and restored,* previously unknown Arab palaces at the foot of the Temple Mount in Jerusalem. Abraham Negev has excavated, *and restored,* several Nabatean sites in Israel's Negev desert. Israeli scholars have made singular contributions to Islamic studies. Indeed, the Hebrew University of Jerusalem is often cited as the world's leading center of Islamic studies.

By contrast, the way in which Arab scholars deal with issues touching on Jewish history may be gleaned from an account in the Syria *Times* of a symposium in Damascus on Syrian archeology. According to this account, "All participants in the symposium emphasized that Hebrew, regardless of the suspect political purposes of Zionist allegations, is no more than a Canaanite dialect." The symposium concluded that "The Canaanite heritage was the real source of Jewish legends. The Jewish rabbis plagiarized that precious treasure. What else could they do?"

It is, indeed, as Glen Bowersock writes, disturbing to see scholarship at the highest and most respected level made the dirty handmaiden of politics. It is especially chilling when, as in his own case, the accuser turns out to be the guilty party.

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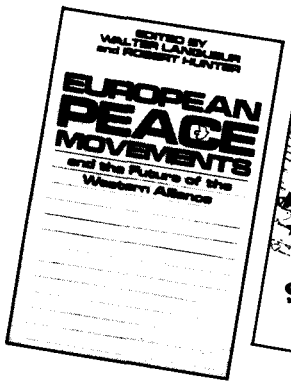

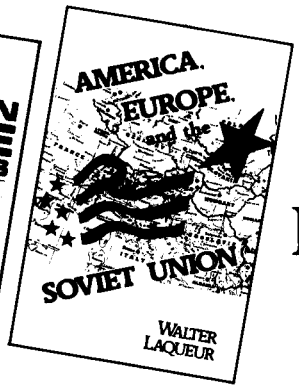

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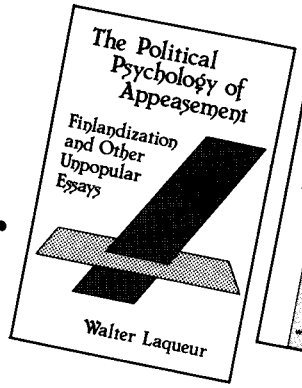

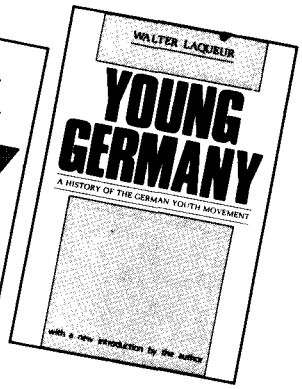

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Walter Laqueur is editor-in-chief of *The Washington Quarterly*, one of the most influential foreign policy journals in the nation. He is chairman of the International Research Council of the Center for Strategic and International Studies at Georgetown University, and codirector of the Wiener Library and Institute of European History in London.

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Books in Review

The Terrorist Mosaic

HYDRA OF CARNAGE. Edited by URI RA'ANAN, ROBERT L. PFALTZGRAFF, JR., RICHARD H. SHULTZ, ERNST HALPERIN, IGOR LUKES. *Lexington. 638 pp. $22.95.*

Reviewed by ANGELO M. CODEVILLA

THIS volume contains two distinct full-size books: a collection of documents consisting of interviews with persons formerly involved in terrorism and papers captured in the invasions of Grenada and Lebanon, and the contributions to a conference held at Tufts University in 1985. The collection provides a first-hand look at the ties that bind what one might call the Soviet action coalition: leaders of states like Syria, Libya, Nicaragua, Vietnam, East Germany, and Bulgaria; officials of such movements as the African National Congress, the PLO, a bewildering variety of Middle Eastern groups, the Red Brigades, etc.; and unnumbered individuals whose names the world learns only after they pull triggers or set bombs. The papers from the conference, by U.S. officials, academics, and journalists, try to make sense of the problem and provide prescriptions. Although they have little difficulty in tracing the terrorist hydra's many heads to a reasonably well-defined neck, and only a little more difficulty in defining the material options available to the U.S. for choking it, these papers inadvertently make it clear that our government lacks the intellectual and moral tools for doing so.

The collection of documents, entitled "The Witnesses Speak," illustrates, among other things, that today's terrorism, like any other large-scale human enterprise, is composed largely of mundane activities. The minutes of a meeting among Yasir Arafat, Andrei Gromyko, and Boris Ponomarev show that coordination between the Soviet Union and the PLO necessarily entails making sure that both parties understand the lay of the land in the same way. There is nothing shocking here; this is day-to-day business. But a glance at this business also leaves no doubt about the two sides' identity of purpose—at least on the level of operations. That purpose is quite simply to bloody the West, and all who would stand with it, by as many hands as can be gathered to do the work. Thus, when one reads a Sandinista official's account of the "blood unity between us and the Palestinian revolution," of how Sandinistas gave their lives to help hijack planes in the Middle East, and of how "we received Palestinian aid for our revolution in various forms," one does not find oneself wondering what on earth might have brought these denizens of the jungle to the desert, and vice versa, or who brought the two together.

Document 23 is a Vietnamese diploma awarded to one Mahmud 'Abdul-Fattan Zeidan on completion of a military course. Another document, signed by Abu al-Walid of Fatah, tells us, "It has been decided to send several officers to the Socialist Republic of Vietnam to study the air-defense system there, for a period of 45 days." The same Abu al-Walid gives us a list of PLO trainees who have completed a course in North Korea. Yet another document, evidently from the Soviet Communist party's International Department (then headed by Boris Ponomarev and now by Anatoly Dobrynin) lays out the path along which the armed forces of Ethiopia are to be developed so as to "enable them to fulfill their internationalist duty." The banality of these evil connections forces the conclusion that without the Soviet Union's eager promotion and relentless catalytic function, the phenomenon of modern terrorism would be far less significant than it is.

Some of the papers from the conference explain how the various parts of the terrorist mosaic fit together, and discuss the Soviet Union's role both in fostering this variety and in giving it coherence. The best of these are by Claire Sterling, Michael Ledeen, and Paul Henze.

Claire Sterling tells how the Italian judicial system learned of meetings in Paris at the Hyperion Institute between Abu Iyad, on Arafat's behalf, and the Red Brigades' high command. At this meeting the PLO agreed to provide arms to the Red Brigades, which agreed in turn to "commit anti-American and anti-Israeli acts on Italian soil." Subsequently the Red Brigades kidnapped the highest-ranking U.S. military officer in Italy, explaining the act as an attempt to block the installation of American Pershing missiles in Germany.

Michael Ledeen reports on a conference held outside Tripoli, Lebanon, in 1972, which brought together the PLO, the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine (PFLP), Black September, and European terrorist groups. George Habash, the head of the PFLP, boasted at its conclusion: "We have created organic supports between the Palestinians and the revolutionaries of the entire world." Indeed, within months Black September had bombed the oil refinery in Trieste for the Red Brigades, and Italian extremists were later caught transporting an SA-7 anti-aircraft missile for the PFLP toward Rome's airport. In the 70's, also, boatloads of weapons were shipped from the PLO to the Red Brigades. In 1983, Ledeen writes, Andrei Gromyko told the Foreign Minister of Spain that if Spain stayed out of NATO it would have less trouble with the ETA terrorists. By the 1980's, 40 Italian Red Brigaders too "hot" to operate in Italy were fighting in Nicaragua to crush opposition to the Sandinista

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government. Thus people often presumed to be "senseless," anarchic, flower children fight to enforce and extend Managua's ration-card system and neighborhood secret police.

Paul Henze details the logistics of the upheaval in Turkey at the end of the 70's. In brief, some $300 million worth of arms crossed the Bulgarian borders into Turkey, destined for both rightists and leftists. There is no doubt that the Turks involved in this trafficking made money. But they did not sell the weapons; the Bulgarians and their Soviet masters paid both for the weapons and for the traffickers. This in return nearly destroyed the Southern flank of NATO.

Uri Ra'anan, Robert Pfaltzgraff, and Sam Sarkesian lay out what the U.S. can do to oppose the hydra. Ra'anan's essay, "Vulnerabilities of the International Support Apparatus," is based on the premise that it is much easier to gather intelligence about terrorism's high command than about what its "privates" will do tomorrow morning. We have long since identified the regimes and organizations that, in effect, make war on us by inspiring, financing, equipping, protecting, and, above all, giving meaning to the bloody business. If we were to kill or cripple these regimes and organizations, private individuals who chose to continue their terrorist activities would indeed be practicing mere "senseless violence." Plain irrationality of this kind is a much scarcer phenomenon in history than is conventionally supposed.

THE list of suggested recipes for squeezing the hydra's neck contains no surprises. They amount to economic, political, and military measures against the PLO, Libya, Syria, Cuba, Bulgaria, East Germany, and, of course, the Soviet Union. No one in this volume advocates all-out war, needless to say, but the recipes add up to doing unto the Soviets at least what they do unto us. Given the discontent within the Soviet empire, the factional struggles in the dictatorial regimes it supports, and these regimes' obvious economic vulnerabilities, it is not difficult to conceive effective means of waging conflict adequate to the problem at hand. After all, these regimes have adopted terrorism as a tactic not for its own sake but because it seems to pay. If it began to cost *disproportionately*, they would presumably stop hurting themselves.

Such recipes, however, are not nearly so interesting as the question of why the U.S. government seems unable to take them seriously. William Casey's address to the conference begins to demonstrate the reasons. Unlike the Central Intelligence Agency atop which he sits, Casey has no truck with the notion that "one man's terrorism is another man's freedom fighter" (in the words of the CIA's National Intelligence Estimate). Nor does he indulge in self-indicting searches within our own society for the causes of international terrorism. He is very clear that most terrorism today is "an instrument of foreign policy." Whose? "The Soviet Union and its satellite states in Eastern Europe, Libya, Syria, Iran, Iraq, North Korea, the People's Democratic Republic of Yemen, Cuba, Nicaragua."

What then should our foreign policy be toward states that wage this war upon us? The moment Casey—never mind the host of U.S. officials less clear-headed than he—begins to consider this question, he magically erases all the facts and reasoning that show that the hydra has a neck, and begins to treat each head, nay, each bite, separately. He begins, in other words, to consider terrorism not as the policy of states but as a series of discrete *acts*. These acts, he declares, we will "take measures to warn and protect against." Their sponsorship is "to be appropriately exposed and condemned in every available forum." Diplomatic and political avenues will be used to "persuade those now practicing or supporting terrorism" to desist. The hammer for this persuasion? If we are absolutely driven to it, we will "consider" the "very difficult and sensitive problems in choosing appropriate instruments of *response* in *each case*" (emphasis added).

In short, according to Casey, any reaction by us should be under-

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stood not as part of a coherent, success-oriented plan in a war that we mean to win, but as judicial punishment meted out *after* we have been hurt, only when there is conclusive proof of guilt, as a cathartic retaliation—tit for tat. Rhetoric to the contrary notwithstanding, that, certainly, has been U.S. policy.

Thus, having finally identified Qaddafi's Libya as the embodiment of terrorism (consciously neglecting Arafat's friend Abu Abbas, Syria's Hafez Assad, etc.), the Reagan administration decided to strike back. But at what? To accomplish what? We picked out some twenty-odd "terrorist-related targets," including Qaddafi's house, and sent just enough aircraft to damage them. The early reaction among Americans was positive. We had struck back at someone about whom no one had anything good to say. Most Americans hoped he had been killed, and that a big chunk of the problem of terrorism had gone with him. When he reappeared in public, and it was learned that his baby daughter had been killed instead, Americans began to ask hard questions of the administration.

The answers were not as good as the questions. Had we meant to kill Qaddafi? No, answered the President. We had meant to convey a warning to stop terrorism, and to diminish his capacity to act as a terrorist. By how much did the loss of a few buildings and fewer than 100 people diminish that capacity? Not by much. How about the warning? What would we do if Qaddafi killed more Americans? We would act appropriately, said the White House. But what might that action be? Why did we not act after he had killed his first set of Americans? Why give him the chance to kill more? Besides, would this new "appropriate" action really stop him? As for the bombing, if we had not meant to kill Qaddafi, whom had we meant to kill, and why?

The administration avoided answering and retreated into make-believe: "striking the nerve center," "sending a message." Weeks later Secretary of State Shultz declared victory with a message that was as vague as it was premature: "You've had it, pal."

The attack on Libya was the embodiment of U.S. policy concerning terrorism. After much provocation, we did our enemy a little hurt. That is sending a message, all right. And that is why books like *Hydra of Carnage* are of limited usefulness. All the evidence, and all the anti-terrorist recipes, in the world will not make up for moral and intellectual confusion.

Castro's Gulag

AGAINST ALL HOPE: THE PRISON MEMOIRS OF ARMANDO VALLADARES. By ARMANDO VALLADARES. Translated by ANDREW HURLEY. *Knopf. 381 pp. $18.95.*

Reviewed by MARK FALCOFF

THE 20th century, possibly because it has been a century rich in failed utopian experiments, has also been an epoch of anti-utopian literature. One should not, however, overestimate the influence of the genre: the illusion of a perfect society just beyond the horizon persists almost in inverse proportion to the actual facts needed to support it. It required more than four decades for the Soviet Union to lose its privileged status, and even then, the cause was not the disappearance of millions of people (including many outstanding leaders of the revolution of 1917), or the remarkable testimony of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, but the secret speech of Nikita Khrushchev to a party congress in 1956. Moreover, one wonders whether the Soviets would have declined quite so rapidly in the esteem of many Western (or Westernized) intellectuals had not China already existed to take up the spiritual slack.

The rather muted attention paid thus far to Armando Valladares's harrowing prison memoirs—his account of twenty-two years under conditions of virtually unimaginable brutality and sadism—suggests that the Castro regime still enjoys a minimal immunity, even though a younger version of Cuba is already in place in Nicaragua to shelter the disillusioned. This is not to say that some Western intellectuals have not protested individual cases of cruelty against Cuban dissidents, particularly writers, but there has been a certain reluctance to draw systemic conclusions from the facts. For example, Bishop James Armstrong and Reverend Russell Dilley concluded after visiting the island in 1977 that "there is a significant difference between situations where people are imprisoned for opposing regimes designed to perpetuate inequities (as in Chile and Brazil, for example) and situations where people are imprisoned for opposing regimes designed to remove inequities (as in Cuba)."

Against All Hope shows how wrong these gentlemen are. However one chooses to interpret the Castro regime's ultimate intentions for Cuban society, it treats political prisoners with consistent brutality and barbarism, including *frequent* cases of murder, mutilation, long periods of isolation in subhuman circumstances, beatings, biological experiments, and extreme psychological torture—a gratuitous cruelty which, given the ironclad control the regime exercises over society, can only be dictated by purely psychotic considerations.

There is no point in comparing the sufferings of political prisoners in Cuba with those in, say, Chile, to determine which is worse: from the point of view of the victim, the ideological signature of the regime is irrelevant. Still, one cannot help reflecting that the sheer capacity of Communist governments to perpetuate themselves in power extends the agony of their victims far beyond the "normal" limits: Valladares's more than two decades of incarceration is a Latin American record, so far as I am aware. Moreover, nobody in his right mind, and certainly no non-Chilean, would hold up the Pinochet regime as some sort of model for Third World development, much

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MARK FALCOFF *writes frequently on Latin American affairs for* COMMENTARY *and other periodicals. His most recent book is* Small Countries, Large Issues.

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less as an exemplar of liberal, humanitarian values. Yet when Castro says there have been no tortures or disappearances in Cuba, all too many intellectuals in the United States, Latin America, and Western Europe still ache to believe him.

THREE aspects of Valladares's awful tale are particularly worthy of note. First is the remarkable capacity of prisoners to circumvent the limitations of their environment—to communicate, to organize, and to exchange food, equipment, letters, and so forth. In that sense, though it is not a great work of literature, *Against All Hope* is a tribute to the unconquerable resilience of the human spirit. In Valladares's various places of confinement, he and his fellow prisoners created their own "radio"; they planned and executed an almost (but not quite) perfect escape; they were even able to verify the claim of prison officials that huge dynamite charges had been placed in the foundation of their building, to be ignited automatically in case of an American invasion. Valladares regularly corresponded with his fiancée (later his wife) under the nose of jailers determined to keep the two apart.

Second, it is clear that Cuban officials pursue a double standard in the treatment of prisoners: common felons rank "higher" in the criminological hierarchy than dissidents, and indeed the former are often used to harass the latter. An enormous emphasis is placed upon compelling dissidents to "rehabilitate" themselves, that is, to confess their "errors" and collaborate with prison officials against their former comrades. Thus, not satisfied with depriving these men of their freedom, their families, and the pleasures of daily life, Castro's jailers attempt to strip them of the last thing which remains to them—their self-respect. Most of Valladares's book is a grueling account of the various ways in which he and his fellow dissidents resisted, for the most part successfully, the pressure inflicted upon them. In one case they even won over one of the guards, until he too fell afoul of the system. All of this

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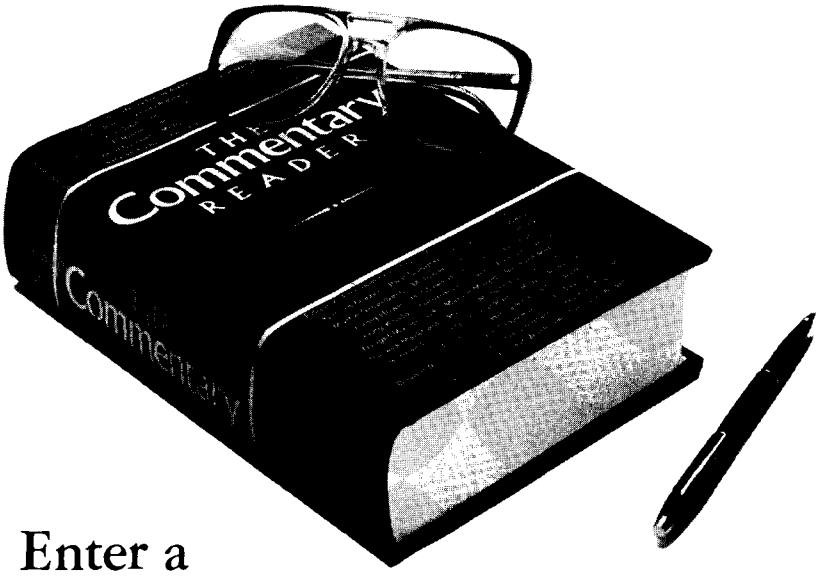

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stands in stark contrast to the treatment that was accorded Castro himself as a political prisoner under dictator Fulgencio Batista; by his own admission, Castro was permitted to live almost as well on the "inside" as on the "outside," and moreover he was amnestied after just two years of a lengthy sentence.

Third is the complicated international dimension of the Cuban human-rights problem. Particularly piquant is Valladares's discussion of the Tartuffian activities of Monsignor Zacchi, the Papal Nuncio, who sought to shore up the declining fortunes of the Cuban Church by collaborating with the regime, even to the point of dispatching a prelate to convince resisting dissidents to submit to "rehabilitation." The Nuncio apparently went out of his way to "paint Castro as a man with deep Christian values," in exchange for which the Cuban dictator "soon gave [Zacchi] his own brand-new bus to transport seminarians to farms where they would work 'voluntarily' to help the revolution." All of this occurred at a time when dissident priests were actually serving hard labor in Cuban stone quarries. After Zacchi's arrival in 1961, Valladares reports, "never again did the Catholic Church in Cuba raise its voice against the crimes and tortures or demand that the firing squads be abolished. During that time it was not only a silent Church, but something much worse, a Church of complicity."

The circumstances attending Valladares's release also shed some interesting light on certain dark corners of the "human-rights" community. In Sweden the present Deputy Foreign Minister (and international spokesman for the Social Democratic party), visited by Mrs. Valladares, heard her out with a nervous courtesy, assuring her that "very few of us in Europe still think Cuba is a paradise." But to speak out, he added, "would be giving the Americans a publicity weapon." Fortunately, in Norway the actress Liv Ullman, outraged by this archetypical example of Swedish international conduct, organized a movement of journalists and intellectuals which eventually enlisted the support of French President François Mitterrand and achieved Valladares's release in 1983. Even so, having sustained serious injuries as the result of mistreatment by guards, he required some months of orthopedic therapy to render him minimally presentable to the Western press, and at the last minute Cuban officials tried to get him to leave the island without the rest of his family. Today he resides in Madrid where he directs a commission on behalf of political dissidents in Cuba.

Even in Spain, however, the long arm of Havana continues to reach out for him; as recently as 1985 two functionaries of Castro's embassy were discovered attempting to break into the commission's offices and destroy records compiled at vast human cost. And while Spain's Prime Minister Felipe González is said to be privately unhappy with the situation in Cuba, many personalities in the ruling Socialist party regard as an unfortunate provocation the presence in the country of Valladares and of Valladares's friend and fellow refugee from Castro's prisons, the essayist and publisher Carlos Alberto Montaner.

To put it bluntly, *Against All Hope* is not a good read. It is slow, plodding, tortuous in its descriptions, and constantly shocking. After a while one becomes reluctant to turn the page, fearful of what will come next. Quite clearly, Valladares felt the need to record not only his own fate, but that of many men and women who will never be heard from again. After all—the point bears continual repetition—for Cuba there will be no Argentina-type commissions on "disappeared persons," no Sábato Report; no trials of the guilty; no movies like *The Official Story*; and precious little international solidarity for the victims. In terms of intellectual fashion this book has far too much going against it to make it a publishing sensation. Nonetheless, it remains an indispensable contribution to Cuban history and to the growing literature on revolutionary dictatorship. One hopes that it may also achieve the reading public it deserves.

The Southern Jewries

THE ROAD FROM BABYLON: THE STORY OF SEPHARDI AND ORIENTAL JEWS. By CHAIM RAPHAEL. *Harper & Row. 294 pp. $22.95.*

Reviewed by ROBERT M. SELTZER

CHAIM RAPHAEL has in the past written on the Jewish response to the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans in *The Walls of Jerusalem*, commented on the Passover seder in *A Feast of History*, and, most recently, reflected on the dynamic interplay among the Hebrew Bible, the rabbinic tradition, and Jewish history in *The Springs of Jewish Life*. More than two decades ago he published a volume of reminiscences of his youth and war years (*Memoirs of a Special Case*, lately reissued by Rossel Books), and every so often there appears under the pseudonym Jocelyn Davey another in his series of detective novels in which the hero is rumored to be modeled on Sir Isaiah Berlin.

Now, in *The Road from Babylon*, a book written with his usual clarity, intelligence, and tact, Raphael summarizes recent scholarship concerning not only that particular Jewry which sprang up in Sepharad, the medieval Jewish term for the Iberian peninsula, but the whole orbit of Jewish cultures in North Africa, Egypt, Syria, Yemen, Turkey, the Balkans, Iraq, and lands farther east with which the history of the Sephardim has been closely intertwined.

Until recently, the Jewries in the forefront of the confrontation with modernity have been "Northern": the Netherlands, England, France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Poland-Lithuania, Russia, the United States. Thanks to an astonishing population growth after 1800, the vast majority of Jews in the world on the eve of World War II were descendants of East European Ashkenazim. Since the Holocaust, however, and as a result of a simi-

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lar demographic upsurge in the "Southern" tier of Jewish communities, the Sephardim have become far more prominent than they had been for the last three centuries. In 1900 the Sephardim constituted perhaps 10 percent of the Jewish people; today they are 20 percent. In 1947 they were 23 percent of the Jewry of the land of Israel; in 1982 the figure had reached 55 percent. That Jewish history would have to be rewritten to give greater due to the Sephardi and Oriental component is understandable, inevitable, and just.

In the first part of his book, Raphael reviews the origins of the Jewish people and their religious tradition with an eye to the fateful role played by Mesopotamian culture and by the empires of Assyria and Babylonia. Abraham and his family were said to have come from there; biblical literature is shot through with Mesopotamian elements both as unacknowledged borrowings (the flood story) and as polemical targets (the tower of Babel). The massive Israelite exiles of 722 and 586 B.C.E. were decisive turning points in the development of the Jewish religion. Despite the return to Zion and the rebuilding of the Jerusalem Temple, the Jews of Babylonia were to continue to play a central role in Jewish life for centuries—down to 1000 C.E. and even later.

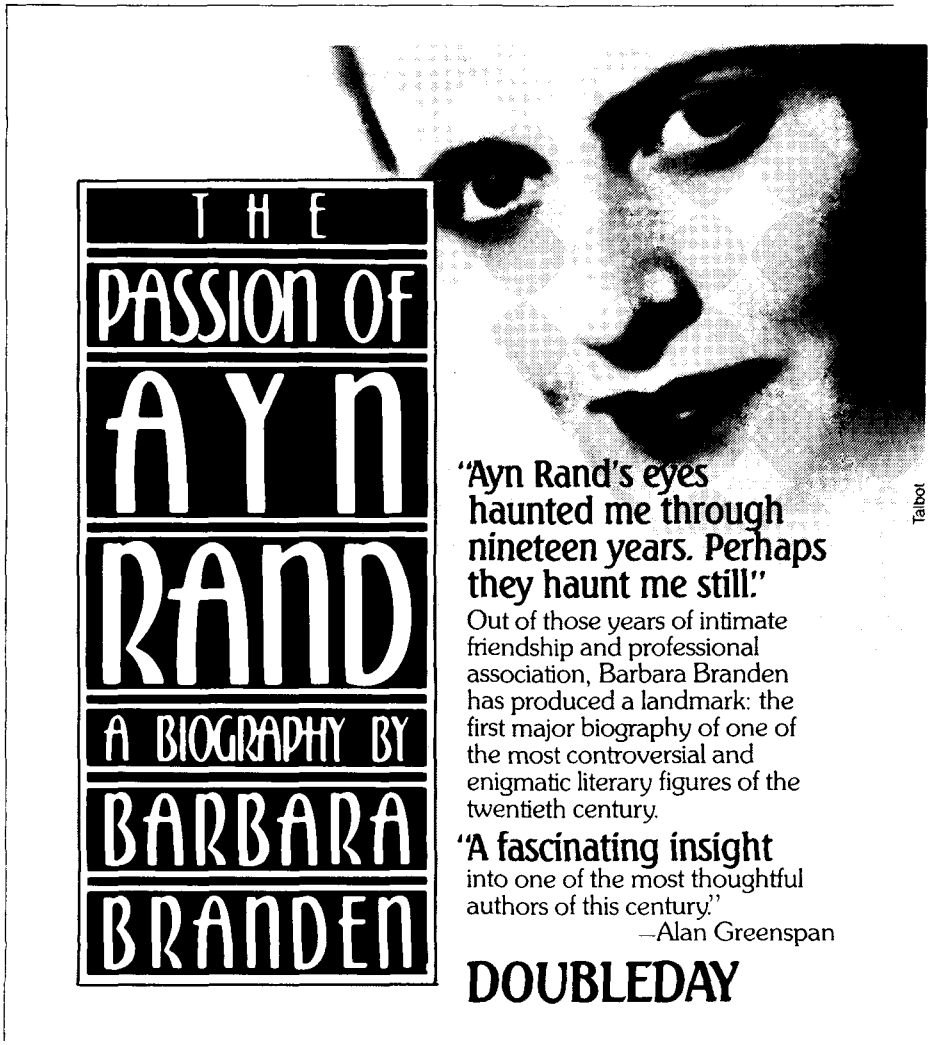
In the second section Raphael devotes considerable attention to the impact on "Southern" Judaism of the creation of a vast Islamic empire, which facilitated new patterns of Jewish migration and the spread of the authority of the Babylonian Jewish institutions westward all the way to the Atlantic. Just as Ashkenazi Jewry was shaped by a Christian environment, Sephardi and Oriental Jewries developed in an Islamic matrix that exerted its own, quite different, political and cultural pressures.

Only in part three does Raphael deal with the true Sephardim: the Jews of the Iberian peninsula under Muslim and Christian rulers. Here he describes in loving detail the cultural flowering (and also the dark moments) of the so-called Golden Age of medieval Hebrew culture, tracing the story to its tragic end in 1492 with the expulsion from Spain and 1497 with that from Portugal. There was now a geographical and psychological "Sephardi Diaspora" within the universal Jewish Diaspora: a Western one (including many Marranos who escaped to revert to Judaism) in Amsterdam and other Atlantic ports, and an Eastern one in which Jews from Spain and Portugal settled alongside ancient Greek-speaking, Berber-speaking, or Arabic-speaking Jewish communities.

The Sephardim did not assimilate to these older Jewish cultures. In the Balkans especially they preserved—more accurately, they created—a unique folk culture expressed in the longings of *romancero* love songs and in the Ladino language which was the Sephardi vernacular there. Nor did the venerable communities in which the Sephardim settled assimilate to *them*. Instead there appeared a "working fusion between the old and new" that in the 16th and 17th centuries marked a new efflorescence of Jewish life in the Levant.

The newcomers from Spain and Portugal invigorated the old Jewries—and also the economy of the Ottoman empire. Istanbul, Salonika, Izmir, Aleppo, Safed were bustling centers of entrepreneurship and learning, at least until the messianic upheaval of the 1660's, centering on the figure of Shabbetai Zevi, precipitated a decisive Jewish cultural decline in the East. By the 19th century, the once energetic Eastern Jews had been outclassed by their economic and cultural rivals in the "North." The storms of Enlightenment, secularism, and religious renovation which burst over the Jews of Northern Europe seemingly avoided the Sephardim.

BY WAY of transition to the modern era, Raphael evokes the con-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trasting tones of the Jewries of the Aegean island of Rhodes; the folk Judaism of the Maghreb (especially Morocco); and representative Jewish lives of the old style in Baghdad, Turkey, and the Balkans. In the 19th century, in much of this "Southern" tier, the British, French, and Italian colonial regimes extended special protections to the Jews, and the Paris-based *Alliance Israélite Universelle* organized a network of Jewish schools; the combined effect was to inaugurate an uneven process of emancipation—although, in contrast to the situation of Europe, it was an emancipation which only to a meager extent could be considered political. Raphael emphasizes the traumatic effect of the Nazi years even in these lands: in the Balkans and North Africa during direct occupation by German armies and indirectly in Iraq and elsewhere in the Middle East where the Nazis were admired as foes of the British. Raphael observes that the release of Arab hatred during the Nazi era shattered every assumed protection from the neighbors and intensified the traditional love of Zion in these Jewish cultures.

The longest and most analytic part of the book concerns the ingathering of these communities into Israel after 1948, the impact of Westernized Israeli culture on their as yet unmodernized elements, and the explosive resentments that have since been vented against the Ashkenazi establishment by some segments of Israel's Sephardi and Oriental population. Here Raphael's approach is to emphasize the positive: that "interethnic" marriages have soared in Israel, that there have been conscious efforts to absorb elements of Sephardi culture into the mainstream, and that many individual Sephardim have made a place for themselves in the public life of the state. He concludes: "Mutual adjustments are difficult for the time being because of the socioeconomic circumstances which have made barriers difficult to lower; but the barriers can fall and, paradoxically, this will happen all the more successfully when the cultural differences of the past are given full weight rather than being passed over."

THE most useful lesson of Raphael's book is that there is no single Sephardi/Oriental Jewish subgroup at all. "Sephardi" refers to a congeries of communities, many of which are themselves heterogeneous. To be sure, the so-called Sephardi-Ashkenazi split in Israel is rooted in some current social realities and in the attempt to exploit tensions for political ends. But internal rivalries are nothing new in Jewish history. Indeed, the modernization of Jewry has brought about new and sharp divisions among Jews along economic and geographical, not just "ethnic," lines. Yet modernity has been an even stronger crucible of Jewish integration and of a sense of a common Jewish destiny. In our own country there were several decades of abrasions and resentments when German and East European Jews found themselves at odds, but little remains of these old tensions now. There is no reason why a similar resolution cannot be predicted for Israel.

In any case, the major schisms in Jewish history have not been cultural or even socioeconomic, but rather have occurred over questions of religious authority. This promises to hold true for the next decades as well. Early in his book, Raphael observes that modern Sephardi religiosity often shows a "relaxed, almost humanist attitude, so that practices are enjoyed in a full-hearted way but without fanaticism." Precisely because the Sephardi and Oriental communities, unlike their Ashkenazi brethren, have succeeded in avoiding a war between militant secularists and militant Orthodox, perhaps they will have something unique to contribute to the survival of Jewish fellow feeling into the next century.

For illuminating these issues and more, *The Road from Babylon* makes a graceful addition to Chaim Raphael's impressive list of books on Jews and Judaism, and confirms his reputation as one of the most skillful and best informed popularizers of these subjects in the English language.

The New York School

POLLOCK AND AFTER: THE CRITICAL DEBATE. Edited by FRANCIS FRASCINA. *Harper & Row. 280 pp. $19.50.*

Reviewed by JAMES GARDNER

A VARIETY of considerations has caused the defunct New York School to emerge once more as a matter of urgency in the critical discussion of contemporary art. The issues now at hand, however, are mirror images of those that attended the birth and frantic ascendancy of the movement known as Abstract Expressionism. No longer do they concern a once-provocative innovation but rather a tradition so widely admired and so firmly established that it appeared, until not so very long ago, permanently to have silenced all opposition. Indeed, for the space of almost a generation, from the early 40's to the early 60's, the names of Jackson Pollock, Willem de Kooning, Hans Hofmann, Mark Rothko, and Barnett Newman swept all before them.

But this has changed now, and as the art market trudges onward, constant only to the principle of ceaseless change, various questions have been raised about the New York School and its significance, formal, historical, and even ideological. That the New York School was so emphatically American, for example, and that it represented the moment when the art of our nation first caught, and kept, the world's attention, has not escaped the notice of envious critics abroad, nor of critics of a variety of persuasions here at home.

Within the context of the battle that now gathers around some of the most hallowed names in modern American art, Francis Frascina has performed a service with *Pollock and After: The Critical Debate*, in which he has collected and ably introduced thirteen essays, written for the most part in the past ten years. These consider Abstract Expressionism from an assortment of critical positions,

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JAMES GARDNER *contributed "Indian Art—and Ours" to our April issue.*

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though most frequently from that of Marxism or something not far from it.

Marxists ask, in essence, whether it is possible for art to be other than political (and also whether art *should* be other than political). Included in Frascina's anthology is at least one answer in the negative, that given by Clement Greenberg in his famous 1939 essay, "Avant-Garde and Kitsch," as well as in his "Towards a Newer Laocoon"; it is an answer that would be ratified in practice by the painters of the New York School.

The circumstances against which Greenberg was rebelling at the end of the 30's were dominated artistically by styles that had become popular during the Depression, when the government created the WPA to give work to artists. Most of its commissions were projects to paint interior murals in post offices, hospitals, and train stations, in which the common man was to be depicted in a resolutely figurative, if slightly idealized, form. Although some fine work was created in this style by Social Realists like Ben Shahn and William Gropper, and by Southerners of the Regionalist school like Thomas Hart Benton, the majority suffered from an overpowering drabness. This was one target of Greenberg's ire. At the same time, he and others were painfully aware by how much American art lagged behind contemporary painting in Europe, and in particular behind the exhilarating formal explorations of the Cubists, whose methodical purifications seemed on the way to redeeming pure form from the ensnarements of content. At the end of this process, it was thought, lay abstraction and pure formalism.

It was in part through writers like Greenberg and Alfred H. Barr, Jr. that the climate of American opinion was made receptive to abstraction. But the brilliant new form that painting would take in this country was largely determined by the immigration to the United States of a great many of the foremost European avant-garde artists of both Cubist and Surrealist persuasions.

Most prewar art had owed at least some debt to Cubism. Whether in the mechano-morphic humanoids of Fernand Leger, or the exuberant chromatic experiments embarked upon by the early American abstract artists Max Weber and Stanton Macdonald Wright, or the geometrics of Mondrian and the Russian avant-garde, almost always in evidence in Cubist painting was the idea of an orderly world as conceived through linear perspective. Surrealism, by contrast, was founded upon Freudian dream psychology, and stressed everything that was irrational and anti-rational in man. Although this often induced artists to cultivate, paradoxically, an exacting pseudo-realism of the kind most dramatically evident in Salvador Dali, the insistence upon unconscious forces bequeathed to the later New York School that method of impassioned "automatic" painting and drawing to be found in artists like André Masson and Matta and Max Ernst, all of whom had come to the United States by the early 40's.

The Abstract Expressionists, however, aside from their general commitment to severing the ties with Cubism and Surrealism alike, were too various and unruly a bunch to subscribe to any single set of artistic or spiritual terms. Even the classical division of the New York School into Gestural Painters (Pollock, de Kooning, Hofmann) and Color Field Painters (Rothko, Robert Motherwell, Clyfford Still, Barnett Newman) suggests well this quality of diversity. Although each was passionately involved with form, each cultivated a style entirely different from that of his colleagues.

It is true that the work of the Abstract Expressionists does indeed have something distinctly American about it, both in what it advocated and what it rejected. In general, the previous works of modernist artists tended toward the diminutive and the contained, whether in the jewel-like delineations of Klee and the Russian avant-garde or even in the more deliberately savage depictions of Picasso. They were imbued, furthermore, with an urbanity and civilized savoir-faire which Americans, as such, were thought to lack.

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How different from this suavity was the aggressive bigness of the New York School, with its sweeping strokes and ragged encrustations of paint. Here were a freedom and an expansiveness to match the continental vastness of America itself.

But precisely the freedom and diversity and centrifugal agitation in so much of the work of the New York School are what have been called into question by not a few contributors to Frascina's anthology. To all appearances one would have to look long and hard before finding in the frenetic spirals of Pollock and de Kooning, or in a twelve-foot-square patch of turquoise by Barnett Newman, the unmistakable evidence of a capitalist plot. Yet this has not deterred such intrepid writers as Serge Guilbaut, Eva Cockcroft, and Max Kozloff, the last-named of whom declares, with sinister implication, "I am convinced that this allure [of the New York School] stems from an equivocal yet profound glorifying of American civilization."

In their belief that the New York School was inspired by and nourished upon the spirit of capitalism, Serge Guilbaut and Eva Cockcroft attack the Museum of Modern Art (MOMA) as, respectively, an "imperialist machine" and a "minor war contractor." Miss Cockcroft all but erases the boundaries between MOMA and the CIA for, just as the CIA could fund the Boston Symphony Orchestra on one of its European tours, so MOMA, a gaudy appendage to Standard Oil, assembled exhibitions to tour in Europe, South America, and Asia. Absent from her analysis is something which anyone at all sensitive to modernism should be able to see, irrespective of his feelings toward capitalism, namely, that Abstract Expressionism had a great deal going for it in the way of what is usually referred to as art. Moreover, it was perfectly justifiable for Americans, who had long delighted in what had been sent over by European artists, to feel pride in what they had to show in return. And was it the fault of these Americans that Europeans greeted their painters so enthusiastically, and that European artists then proceeded of their own free will to incorporate the idiom of the New York School into their paintings?

Any thorough treatment of the origins of the New York School must account for the various extra-artistic presuppositions that attended upon, and quite possibly influenced, its creation. But to assert, as do many of the contributors to this book, that art is merely a function of politics is clearly misdirected, deceptive, and naive.

Words and Deeds

MORALITY, REASON, AND POWER: AMERICAN DIPLOMACY IN THE CARTER YEARS. By GADDIS SMITH. *Hill & Wang. 296 pp. $18.95.*

THE UNCERTAIN CRUSADE: JIMMY CARTER AND THE DILEMMAS OF HUMAN RIGHTS POLICY. By JOSHUA MURAVCHIK. *Hamilton Press. 264 pp. $18.95.*

Reviewed by MICHAEL LEDEEN

THESE two books—which have in common only their price—are useful reminders of the Carter Presidency, and both help us, albeit in very different ways, to think anew about some of the basic problems facing any American government in its efforts to design and conduct foreign policy.

Gaddis Smith, a professor of American history at Yale, is full of sympathy for President Carter's announced goal of shifting the emphasis of American foreign policy from East-West issues to North-South issues, and for his attempt to make "moral" considerations paramount over geopolitical concerns. In Smith's universe, power—that is, American power—plays no role except as a slogan behind which American hardliners have rallied to attack the early, idealistic Carter. Smith especially admires Carter's Secretary of State, Cyrus Vance, and especially dislikes his National Security Adviser, Zbigniew Brzezinski.

To be sure, Smith grants that Carter was not up to the job, and that this could be seen precisely in his selection of the unlikely pair of Brzezinski and Vance "as his two principal advisers on foreign policy":

> He knew they represented different viewpoints but did not appreciate how deep the incompatibility lay. He thought he would pick ideas now from one, now from the other, taking the best of each. Only a President with deep experience in foreign affairs and a grasp of the issues equal or superior to that of such contending advisers could have prevented crippling contradictions. Carter lacked such experience and grasp.

Moreover, Gaddis continues, when it came time, as it inevitably did, to make a choice between the two men, Carter came down on the wrong side:

> His philosophy of repentance and reform was appropriate as criticism of past error, but it provided little guidance in dealing with new problems. Furthermore, it led to arrogance. The self-righteous reformer is easy prey to the argument that an adversary, in this case the Soviet Union, is the sole cause of all that is wrong. Carter thus was a ready convert to the world according to Brzezinski.

In short, the problem with Carter was that he came to abandon his early vision of the world-according-to-Vance and to embrace the view of Brzezinski.

Smith thus takes his place alongside those, like Jesse Jackson and Anthony Lewis, who have condemned Carter's belated recognition of the gravity of the Soviet challenge and his equally belated conclusion that American military power might be of some value after all. Smith does concede that "the uncooperative behavior of the Soviet Union" had a certain responsibility for Carter's turnabout. Yet in keeping with the perspective of this book, he analyzes Soviet behavior not in terms of the real world situation but rather in terms of the effect it had upon policy-mak-

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ing in Washington. Thus, Soviet expansionism in Africa served Brzezinski's nefarious purposes; the relentless build-up of Soviet SS-20's aimed at Western Europe "provided an excuse for introducing new American nuclear weapons." The closest Smith can bring himself to a harsh view of the Soviets is in the judgment that "Soviet leaders had it in their power to react to conciliatory as well as to hostile American gestures at a time when Carter's approach was still fluid. By failing to respond to conciliation, they drove conciliation from the field."

FROM Gaddis Smith one turns in relief to Joshua Muravchik, who, although telling us more about Carter's human-rights policy than we might wish to know, has a much deeper appreciation of the real components of American foreign policy, and of the way the world works. In *The Uncertain Crusade* Muravchik chronicles in specific and accurate detail the process whereby Carter's originally broad-gauged approach to human rights, fashioned in part by Senator Henry Jackson, was captured by the radical left wing of the Democratic party and transformed into a weapon to bludgeon America's undemocratic allies.

Much of the enthusiasm that accompanied the first introduction of America's human-rights policy came, in fact, from representatives of the Left. The idea was to "punish" regimes that failed to meet the moral standards established by Carter's UN ambassador, Andrew Young, his human-rights administrator, Patricia Derian, and their subordinates. In passages that could be written today about efforts to bring down the governments of South Korea, Chile, and South Africa, Muravchik shows the scramble to challenge repressive right-wing allies of the United States while, with very rare exceptions, repressive regimes of the Left were exempted. Indeed, the latter became beneficiaries of yet another Carter "doctrine," the one that held we had finally outgrown our visceral anti-Communism.

Yet this zealousness burned out rather quickly as the dictators

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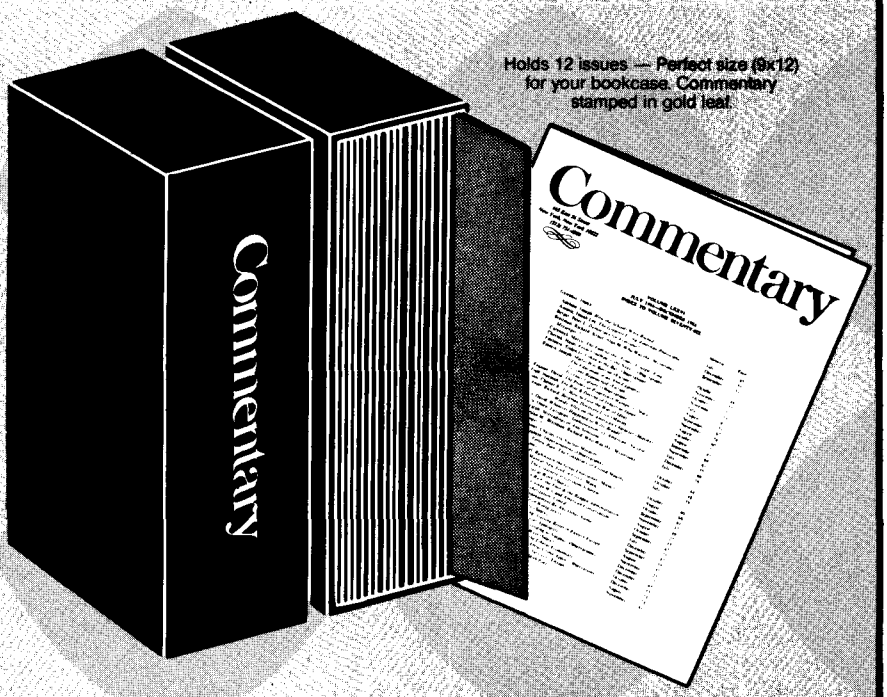

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under attack for the most part perversely refused to collapse in the face of harsh rhetoric from Washington. Then, too, some Congressmen in 1977 and 1978 were finding it difficult to understand why the administration was so enthusiastic about cutting off aid to Argentina but not, say, to Idi Amin's Uganda. Human rights turned out to be a two-edged sword, cutting as keenly against the sort of "progressive" regimes Carter's people favored as against those they disliked. The clincher came with the problem posed by the greatest systematic violator of human rights of them all, the Soviet Union, which eventually, in its December 1979 invasion of Afghanistan, proved to be the instrument of Carter's own personal education in political reality.

All this is richly and elegantly analyzed by Muravchik before he turns to a discussion of what the proper role of human rights should be in American foreign policy. If we are to be true to our principles, he writes, we must understand that "The struggle for human rights, far from being, as Carter and his aides proclaimed, indifferent to political systems, is fundamentally a struggle about political systems." This means that we have to be unequivocal in our denunciation of the grossest violators, who happen to be the Communists. It also means that we have an obligation systematically to advance the cause of human rights through our support of democratic countries and movements, especially in cases where they are threatened.

Muravchik thus applauds the establishment under Ronald Reagan of the National Endowment for Democracy (NED), because this provides us with a way, untainted by association with the CIA, of sending financial support to fledgling democratic groups and movements overseas. But aside from the kind of support that the NED might offer, "The principal medium of human-rights policy," Muravchik writes, "must be words."

Here one may be permitted a disagreement. It is quite true that words—by which Muravchik means what others have called an "ideological offensive"—can sometimes have great effect. But in the world arena, where most leaders care less about what is said than about what is done, words are not good enough. As it happens, the nation that reacted most violently to Carter's original proclamation of a human-rights policy was the Soviet Union, not because it feared the words themselves but rather because it feared that the words were forerunners of an active policy to support insurrections within the Soviet empire. If the Kremlin had known from the start that the United States was simply going to give lectures, it would not have gotten so excited.

Muravchik notes, correctly, that the Shah of Iran was greatly affected by American strictures on human rights, but that was because his own regime had been installed by American power, and the Shah believed that, in the end, the Americans would keep him there. Had he realized the United States would do nothing at all, he might well have acted more forcefully to preserve his rule. Similarly, we have seen in recent months two would-be dictators depart Haiti and the Philippines, each believing (mistakenly or not) that the United States had the power to make him or break him and each preferring exile to the kind of punishment he feared we might deliver upon him if he attempted to stay.

To put it simply, principles need the backing of power. Moreover, every coherent and successful use of power magnifies its potential in other circumstances. The invasion of Grenada briefly gave our words far greater authority in Central America; the bombing of Libya seems to have instilled in the state sponsors of international terrorism at least a brief moment of reflection.

When it comes to financial support for democratic movements, it is well and good to give such support openly through the National Endowment for Democracy. But there are also many times and places where the choice is between secret support and no support at all, and where covert struggles against dictators are also necessary.

There are times when words suffice, but there are other times when action is clearly better than words, however fine they may be. Indeed, without sufficient power and the will to use it, fine words, *à la* Jimmy Carter, eloquently expose our impotence and invite aggression, and thus become worse than silence.

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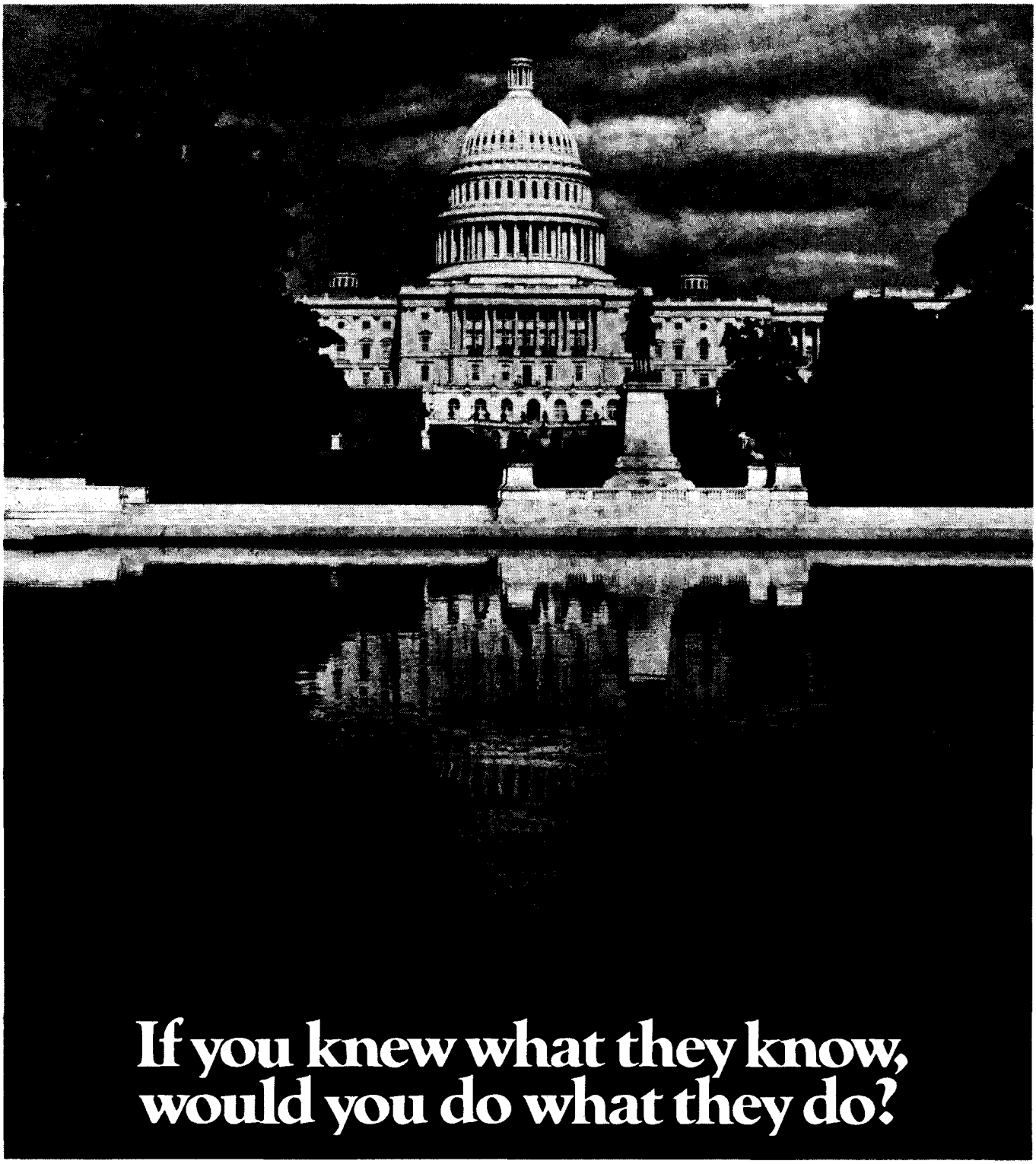

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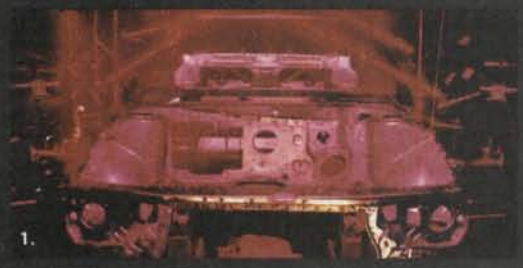

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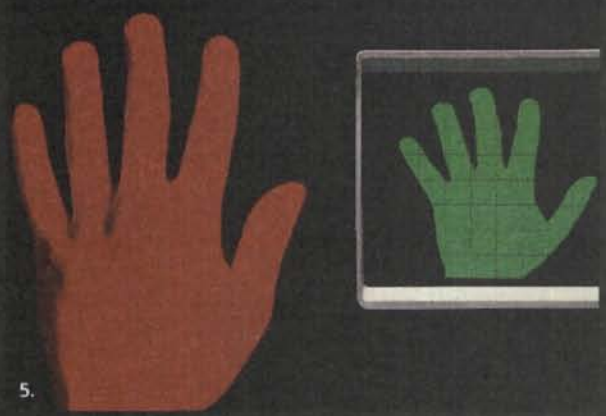

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